

AFRICA SOUTH



4 No. 1

Oct.—Dec. 1959

Special Features:

THE TREASON TRIAL—FOREVER?

by Freda Troup

OTHER GRIM FAIRY TALES

by E. V. Stone, with illustrations by David Marais

THE BELGIAN CONGO

by Colin Legum

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Since the publication of the previous issue of Africa South, the Editor has had his passport seized and been banned in terms of the 'Suppression of Communism' Act from attending any gathering within the Union and South West Africa for a period of five years. The policy of Africa South is recorded in its editorials, and the employment of the 'Suppression of Communism' Act against the magazine's Editor is a characteristically crude example of the Government's mutilation of law and reason alike. It is an object lesson too in the indivisibility of freedom. Since the Editor has never belonged to any political organization, his banning and the seizure of his passport can only be construed as attempts at intimidation by a Government increasingly fearful of the power of ideas.

Africa South will, of course, continue to appear, for as long as what little is left of liberty in South African law permits its publication. And when it is banned, as sooner or later it must be, we have no doubt that the ideas it cherishes will survive, fighting on in the minds of men till Africa throws off at last the terrible clutch of racialism forever.

REVOLUTION IS NOW

THE prospect of revolution is agitating South Africa as never before. With Parliament reduced by the psychosis of apartheid to the functions and status of a Government Gazette, and all constitutional opposition restricted to the fumbling futilities that a race-frenzied electorate will allow, change and revolution have become finally inseparable. Government spokesmen make sporadic allusions to a showdown, sometimes with nostalgic asides on the frontier wars, as though rebellion and repression are to constitute a series of open battles, where white supremacy will once again shoot its way through assegais to decisive survival. The non-white political movements meanwhile engage in convulsive campaigns, their leaders for the most part as fluid in their conceptions of how to accomplish power as their opponents are rigid in their own of how to retain it. And in between the ill-assorted political middlemen frighten themselves and each other with the approach of an explosion they are unwilling to advance and cannot postpone, consoling themselves instead with the possibilities of jumping off the train just before it enters the tunnel.

Those who talk most of an explosion are least able to define the form such an explosion might successfully take. In a society where revolt walks always in the shadow of massacre, a Bastille storming type of upheaval is unlikely to occur and unlikely to achieve any fundamental change if it does. It is far more rewarding to examine the functions of government, and the ways they are rapidly decomposing in South Africa, if the anatomy of revolution is not to remain a mystique, the loose consolation of the oppressors and the formless hope of the oppressed.

For a government can exist just as long as it is capable of governing, as long as it fulfills its fundamental function of maintaining law and order. While it does so, society can be coerced into sustaining it, because the alternative is that very lawlessness, with its sacrifice of life and property, that government exists to prevent. It is when a government ceases to be capable of governing that society is forced to find an alternative in order to survive, and it submits to revolution as the only escape from the suicide of chaos.

It is in the context of this definition that revolution in South Africa may be seen as a pulsating reality. The society is being stretched slowly on a rack of lawlessness, and survival itself is marked

y the teeth of the wheel. The 1957 Report of the South African Commissioner of Police reflects this in the ice of statistics. And a comparison with the annual report of London's police Commissioner makes interpretation unequivocal. The metropolitan area of London, with a population of more than 8,000,000 and all the complex conflicts of a cosmopolitan culture, registered 30,097 arrests during 1957, or an average of 82 arrests a day. During the same year, 1,525,612 people were committed for trial in South Africa, of whom 1,448,582 were convicted. Every day of the year, therefore, some 4,200 South Africans are arrested and tried, out of a population of 4,500,000; every year, one out of every ten inhabitants—women and children included—is convicted of a crime.

Even more significant are the figures for crimes of violence. During 1957, there were 11 convictions for murder in the metropolitan area of London. The number of convictions for murder in South Africa rose from 390 in 1953 to 798 in 1957. Australia, with a population of 9,000,000, has some 30 convictions a year; and New Zealand, with a population of 2,200,000, only 4.) Where London in 1957 registered 96 cases of criminal violence resulting in death, numbering in the total all deaths directly caused by dangerous driving, South Africa during the same year recorded 4,654, of which 1,992 were murders. Some 12 people, therefore, die every day of the year in South Africa as a result of violence. And of these, 5 are murdered. Surely this is a society slithering into anarchy.

The police force itself has succumbed to the general decay. In 1958, some 2.77 per cent of the white police force of 12,000 were convicted of crime, in comparison with 10 cases of misconduct registered during 1957 within the force of metropolitan London, or .06 per cent of a total of 16,345 men. And the lawlessness within the very fortress of the law mounts tumultuously. Between the years 1946 and 1948, 223 policemen were charged with crimes and 174 convicted. Between 1956 and 1958, the number charged had risen to 1,263, of whom 40 were convicted.

Prosecutions resulting from serious assaults on prisoners have become so common as to merit publicity only for the most savage. And the assaults brought to the attention of the courts must constitute a very minor proportion of those actually committed. One detective sergeant, giving evidence under oath, claimed: "It is an everyday occurrence for prisoners to be

beaten by the police . . . usually a garden hose, but sometimes a stick . . . If I hit an African over the head with the kerrie it would cut open his head and injure his skull, but a hose will not do that." The Minister of Justice, attacked in the House of Assembly on the growing number of police assaults, countered that he had *often* warned the force against attempting to extract confessions in this way. The necessity for repeated warnings suggests how small is the control that the Minister himself is capable of exercising.

More chilling even than the records of the lawless are the visibly unrecorded. It is a serious criminal offence in South Africa for whites to supply liquor to Africans. Yet, at a recent agricultural conference, a farmer from the Transvaal announced that he had been serving liquor to his African labourers for years, and that it was established practice in his area. It was, he added, the only way that farmers were able to obtain a satisfactory and stable supply of African labour. No prosecutions have been instituted against him and his neighbours.

Farmers throughout the country operate a farm labour scheme which is as savage as it is shamelessly illegal. Africans arrested in the urban areas for technical offences—contraventions of the pass, tax and liquor laws—are sluiced into farm jails for indefinite periods as an alternative to prosecution. Many of those arrested, however, are never offered a choice; and many others are deliberately deceived into signing six-month labour contracts, as their only escape from several years in prison. Very few, it would seem from the 'habeas corpus' injunctions that have been cluttering up the courts, are properly informed that their offences entail a *maximum* penalty of £10 or two months' imprisonment. When it is remembered that labour conditions on the farms are notoriously the worst in the country, with violence so common a feature that only the sporadic prosecutions of farmers for murder excite any attention, the official character of the scheme must seem all the more horrible. For without the active participation of the police and the officials of the Department of Bantu Administration and Development, farm labour would be deprived of the force and the fraud that keep the supply constant and undemanding. And so, to keep its rural electorate satisfied, the Government itself flouts the law, persistently and implacably. Small wonder then that its subjects pant after its example.

And yet revolution remains, for the most part, a shadow in

the mind. Men do not throw bombs into crowded cafés, and rioting is sporadic and largely restricted to the African areas beyond the hill or across the river. Speculators in London and New York continue to ogle the gold market; the country is still an overseas safe-deposit box. And the mail-boat sails every week for Europe and a periodic escape.

Yet, there has been a change, there is a twitch at the corner of the eyes. Congress campaigns gather headlines where hardly a handful of years ago they were sedulously spiked. The Government buys 80 armoured cars in England to protect the police in the course of their duties. And Durban's black slums smoulder with men and women driven over the edge of despair. A boycott of South African goods is launched by trade unions and governments in countries no longer willing to connive at the swelling savagery of apartheid. And an internal boycott by Congress of goods produced by Nationalist supporters rocks the economy further. Industrialists helplessly complain of the violence done to the economy, only too well aware that organized economic violence is still preferable to its only effective alternative, the organized political form.

A white terror organization sprouts up in Cape Town, wrecks offices, sets fire to a motor car, explodes a tear-gas bomb at a Congress rally, and threatens the more outspoken opponents of apartheid. Criticism mounts despite every gazetted attempt to level it, and the Government back-benches hiss and bubble with schemes to silence contradiction. Confidence in the capacity of the Government to maintain white supremacy is slowly collapsing, so the legislators are elbowed out of the way by the thugs. Young Afrikanerdom seethes with conspiracies to seal up the fissures, and the son of the Prime Minister himself joins one of the secret societies.

It can go on like this, getting just a little worse each day, for a few years more. And then it can go on no longer. For no one, white or black, will be able to endure it. Five murders a day. Then ten? Then twenty? Nearly five thousand deaths by violence every year. Then ten thousand? Then twenty? How much lawlessness can any society sustain? How many boycotts can any economy suffer and survive? It is temptingly easy to think of revolution in sudden terms, a storming and a surrender, lightening in the streets. But revolution is slow and persistent, a wearing away of resistance to the point of snap. Revolution is now.



TO THE EDITOR: ON THE BOYCOTT

WHEN I was a schoolboy, a friend of mine took me to the tailor one day and had me measured for a pair of shorts. We were great friends. His was mine and mine was his. He knew I needed a pair of shorts very badly. A few days later I got my pair of shorts, well made, fitting perfectly. I was proud of myself and proud of my friend. But it was not long before I discovered how my friend had obtained the money with which he had bought that pair of shorts for me. I returned it to him immediately. I could not disapprove of the manner in which the money had been obtained and still enjoy what the money had bought for me.

It is this same principle which makes me now support the boycotting of South African goods. We in Africa hate the policies of the South African Government. We abhor the semi-slave conditions under which our brothers and sisters in South Africa live, work and produce the goods we buy. We pass resolutions against the hideous system and keep hoping that the United Nations and the governments of the whole world will one day put pressure on the South African Government to treat its non-European peoples as human beings.

But these resolutions and prayers to the United Nations are not enough in themselves. Governments and democratic organisations grind very slowly. Individuals do not have to. The question then is what an individual can do to influence the South African Government towards a human treatment of its non-white citizens.

Can we honestly condemn a system and at the same time employ it to produce goods which we buy, and then enjoy with a clear conscience? Surely the customers of a business do more to keep it going than its shareholders. We who buy South African goods do more to support the system than the Nationalist Government or Nationalist industrialists.

Each one of us can remove his individual prop to the South African system by refusing to buy South African goods. There are millions of people in the world who support the South African Government in this way, and who can remove their support by the boycott. I feel it is only in this way that we can give meaning to our abhorrence of the system, and give encouragement to sympathetic governments of the world to act.

It is most fitting that Jamaica, that island which has solved its

racial problems so well, should have taken the action it has in support of the boycott. It is equally fitting that the Trade Union Congress of Ghana should immediately have given its support. I was personally happy to participate in a meeting in London where the boycott was launched. Already the authors of apartheid are beginning to feel the sharp effect of the boycott. But they cannot feel it fully until every person in the whole world who disapproves of the South African system withdraws his support of it by withdrawing his contribution to its upkeep.

I must emphasise that the boycott is really a *withdrawing of support* which each one of us gives to the racialists in South Africa by buying their goods. There is a very real sense in which we are part of the system we despise, because we patronise it, pay its running expenses.

We are not being called upon to make much of a sacrifice. We are not being called upon to go hungry and court imprisonment. That is the lot of our brothers and sisters inside South Africa. We are being asked to substitute other goods for South African goods, however much of a sacrifice this may mean to our suffering brethren in South Africa itself. We are not being called upon to support or not to support the oppressed in South Africa. We are being called upon to stop supporting those who oppress them.

The issue is as simple as that. Let every man and woman who disapproves of the South African system search his or her conscience, and decide to support or not to support the racialists of South Africa.

JULIUS NYERERE

President of the Tanganyika African National Union

DURBAN EXPLODES

MYRNA BLUMBERG

A South African Correspondent for the London "Daily Herald" and "Tribune"

KATO MANOR beerhall, like most South African beerhalls designed for Africans, looks like an overgrown lavatory. It is a long brick and concrete box, sitting squatly in the lap of the place called Jeepcoat Hill and cut off from the tin and sack shanty life by the thin Umkhanbane stream. The day I visited it, the day after the June riots when 3,000 African women were beaten into temporary submission by Durban police batons and bullets, the beerhall had been turned into a police fort.

It was in an excellent position for the police. From the dusty plain around it, they could see clearly out to Booth Road where the rioters had been most active: there all municipal buildings, including the administrative headquarters, a crèche, and the quarters of the municipal police—commonly called "Black-jacks" because of their black uniforms—had been reduced to muck and ash. From the beerhall, too, the police could get a reasonable all-round view of any demonstrators who might dare to advance on them again.

The hall was surrounded by armed police when I got there. They sat in dishevelled clumps after an all-night vigil, eating rolls in the sun. Sten guns, batons and steel assegais lay in piles about them.

"How many police have you got here?" I asked an officer.

"Thirty."

"Is that all?" I asked. There seemed many more to me.

"Yes, we have thirty men here. And, of course, seventy natives."

I went to the opening of the hall. It cannot be called a door, because one side is completely open; a few chickens paddled in the puddles of beer around it.

Normally about a thousand African men would have been crowded at the pale concrete tables drinking the watery municipal beer from mugs or large black kambas—calabashes; most would be sitting under the economical roofs that just barely cover the benches and tables (there is nothing covering the spaces between); and a few would be gathered round identical concrete slabs on the bare open ground outside, which someone cheerfully described as the open-air beer garden. But the day

after the riots the rows and rows of tables were utterly deserted. A few empty kambas lay about like charred pumpkins. There was a tense, barracks atmosphere inside, and one felt driven out to investigate the front-line.

The police outside were confident that they had the situation under control. After all, apart from their sten-guns, tear gas and batons, they had small armoured cars and three big Saracen armoured cars, a few patrolling planes and the promise of the local Command against—what? Women with sticks.

The African women were raging with quiet but volcanic fury in most of the African townships in and near Durban by then. But it was in Cato Manor, one of the largest and most horrifying slums on the Continent, that the trouble started—with thousands of African women marching and dancing and shaking sticks in dazzling defiance at the whole edifice of white apartheid authority. Local and overseas papers dubbed picturesque headlines onto the story: "SHEBEEN QUEEN RIOTS", "BEERHALL BRAWL" and "MOONSHINE RIOTS". That, of course, is all plain moonshine.

The sparks that set off this blaze in Durban were far from frivolous. The details might seem irrelevant in South Africa, where any new pressure by the all-white rulers often has a last-straw look about it which might produce, at last, the final performance of this staggering show; the Africans have had about as much baasskap as they can bear, and almost anything can set off the accumulated blast of resentment and despair. The case of Cato Manor, however, is full of extraordinary and significant things. The way so many of the authorities sprang in to describe it all as merely a brawl of shebeen queens is, therefore, particularly cocky and contemptible.

Cato Manor lies in a heap of hills about four miles from Durban's Marine Parade, that grotesquely rich and indolent white playground which was at the height of its fashionable winter holiday season during the riots. Cato, named originally after a local manor estate, was long ago declared a black spot which would have to yield to the pressure of white residential expansion. The 80,000 or so Africans who are crowded into the cardboard and paraffin tin hovels of Cato like the area, though not the ghastly bits and pieces that constitute their homes, for several reasons: it is only a fourpenny bus ride from town and work; the hills and stream give it a rural air that is essential for the goats, pigs, donkeys, cattle and chickens which wander

around freely. Proud of this rare privilege in a South African shanty-town, almost everyone seems to keep some livestock. The people don't want to move, though naturally they would be delighted to have decent homes—in Cato.

Under the Group Areas Act, Cato Africans, like so many non-whites throughout the Union, are being forcibly moved to wherever the authorities think fit. As one African told me, "This is not slum clearance. It is human clearance."

Council houses are being built at a cubic African township much further out called Kwa Mashu, named after an English sugar baron called Marshall; but not all the Africans in Cato qualify to live there, even if they could afford it. The rents are comparatively high, and it is a 9d. bus ride from town, a considerable increase for the average £2 10s. od. a week income. Starvation is so commonplace in Cato that a recent survey revealed figures—shocking even for South Africa—of children suffering from malignant malnutrition. In the first six months of this year, 1,147 African children were admitted into a Durban hospital suffering from malnutrition; of those, 755 had kwashiorkor, a West African name for malignant malnutrition, caused specifically by lack of protein in their diets. The hospital pediatrician, who showed a reporter round the children's wards where babies with distended bellies, withered limbs and scaling bodies lay two to a cot, said, "One pint of milk a day would save them." In Durban generally, 95 per cent of the Africans are authoritatively reported ('Natal Mercury') to live well below the breadline. Therefore an extra 10d. a day in bus fares caused by the white authorities' pathological urge to move black housing further and further away from the lush white suburbs is quite insupportable to Africans.

In addition, this sort of mass clearance brings with it a deeply detested and humiliating personal inquisition. Under the notorious Section Ten of the Urban Areas Act, only Africans who have been with one employer continuously for ten years or lived in Durban continuously for 15 years can be allowed in the Durban magisterial area at all. The others must go. No matter about their jobs, their ambitions for their children's advancement in a prosperous city. They must go, back to impoverished, overcrowded "Native Reserves" which they originally left because they could not even earn their Durban £2 10s. od. a week there. So the Native Administration officials of Durban spent three years completing, until the time

of the riots, 70,000 dossiers on the people there: details of their jobs, their marital status, their political beliefs, their criminal records, their earnings and "general habits".

Now the African men have long been used to this sort of personal purity test, as all such details are taken from them before they can get their pass, the document every African man must carry if he wants to avoid arrest. But the women smarted sorely over this. Those whose marital status did not suit the authorities, those who were not married under strict Christian law, those old women who had come to look after grandchildren while their daughters worked, and those generally who did not find favour, were being "endorsed out", ordered back to the Reserves by the hundred. Any family life they were trying to build up, any stable future they might have cherished, was smashed in the moment the official's pen endorsed them out of the area.

About two months before the June riots, the Native Administration officials began to step up the clearance programme. While many people were at work, they broke down shanties. Families came home from their white employers to find the only home and shelter they had lying in mess and rubble on the ground. Most of them had absolutely nowhere else to go. Some of the women camped for two days outside the office of Mr. S. St. J. de Bellelay-Bourquin, head of the Native Administration offices that sprawl in a pack near the Old Fort Road. It was reported that they tore the shirt off his back when he finally made an appearance.

The shanty clearance, however, was intensified. At the same time, Mr. Bourquin issued a leaflet in Zulu to all Cato residents saying that proper, hygienic, concrete housing of specified measurements had to be provided for all animals or they would be impounded by June 30. There was a typhoid danger, he said, probably quite rightly. "But we have no proper houses for ourselves," one old woman told me. "Where will we find money for the sort of compounds they suddenly order for our animals?"

While the shanties were being cleared away, many of the home brewing stills were discovered by Council workers on the job. Under local liquor laws, the women were allowed to brew ten gallons of home beer each week for family consumption alone. That meant that any visitor who called while the family was drinking and joined in a glass could be—and often was—arrested

by the police on their frequent "illicit drink raids". This had long been a festering grievance. As spirits are prohibited to all Africans, in the country's way of telling Africans how to run every detail of their lives, it is natural that illegal drinking places, 'shebeens', have multiplied rapidly, incidentally helping African women to supplement the starvation wages of their husbands.

When the Council's demolition workers in Cato discovered the stills, they smashed them. Beer and concoctions spilled into the dusty lanes that pass for streets. The women watched, helpless and furious.

On Wednesday, June 17, they sent a deputation to Mr. Bourquin to say: We want the forced removals stopped. We want the Council beerhalls closed.

The Council runs nine beerhalls in Durban, for men only, where the very weak brew makes the Council an annual profit of £107,000. This, the mayor told me, was used for "native welfare".

The African women of Cato didn't see it that way. They said that the Council beerhalls were taking their men and their desperately needed money from them. No other community in the country has to pay for its schools and crèches by the men's drunkenness.

When Mr. Bourquin dismissed the women's demands—"They were both quite impossible," he told me later—the deputation's spokeswomen felt that as his replies were "unsatisfactory", they would picket the beerhalls and so prevent their men from using them. (They said they had already sent 5 deputations to Mr. Bourquin since 1955 without any of their grievances having been settled.)

Police were used to disperse them on Wednesday, June 17. But the following day the women turned up in even greater numbers outside the Cato Manor beerhall. They carried stout, four-foot long sticks and danced and sang and chanted bitterly. They set up that continuous wailing cry of women which sounds like the piercing death screech of thousands of birds. They chanted, "The Boers are using us as a ladder to climb on"—"When you strike the women, you have struck a rock"—"Luthuli, give us Luthuli. His is the only voice we will hear."

The police, called in by Council officials, gave the women five minutes to disperse. The minutes were counted dramatically over a loudspeaker. Then suddenly the rushing of feet, the thin, high screams of women, the hard fall of bodies. The

police baton charge had begun. Shoes, some very down-and-out at the heel, made bumpy trails in the dust as the women threw them off in order to run more quickly from the clubbing batons. About 3,000 women were fleeing from the police fury; tear gas bombs exploded all around them. All at once, they heard the unmistakable rattle of sten guns firing.

Police even smashed into the women's municipal lavatory, and sent the one woman inside running out nursing a hurt head. A man, who knew nothing of all the fuss, was leading two goats through the stream when police bullets hit his arm. The doctor later said it would have to be amputated.

"It was when our men saw the police firing and beating on our women so mercilessly," one woman who was there told me, "that all control was lost."

Everyone went for the Council buildings. When they had set fire to these, they attacked a municipal bus, asked everyone inside to get out, then burnt it to uselessness. They burnt down a shop owned by an African with Council sponsorship; they destroyed three churches. Afterwards it was found that almost thirty buildings valued at £250,000 had been ruined. All the personal dossiers needed for the mass removals, with a solitary survivor, also went up in smoke.

The rage of the rioters spread to other African townships throughout that Thursday night. The official casualties were one white policeman shot, four Africans killed, 24 wounded. Unofficial figures were much higher. But finally the people submitted to police force; and when reinforcements and extra armoured cars were called in on Friday, the atmosphere in Cato Manor was tense and smouldering in the ruins, 'all quiet'.

The police seemed pleased as punch and were amazingly helpful to correspondents. Whenever I visited the smoky Cato on Friday or over the weekend, they volunteered information and begged to peek through the telescopic lens on the camera belonging to the non-white photographer with me.

Twice when I phoned Col. R. D. Jenkins, Deputy Commissioner of Police, for a routine round-up of the day's events, he began his statement with robust good humour: "Now I wouldn't like to tell you what I'd do to my wife if she picketed my favourite pub. She wouldn't be able to sit down for a week . . ."

A key figure in the Durban drama is Mr. Bourquin, chief of Native Administration for the Council. I saw him in his soft-carpeted office, where he sat under a huge Zulu shield which he

id was presented to his department by Zulu chiefs in gratitude for the good done to their people. He is a medium sort of man whom one would not notice in a crowded street. His brown hair is curly, his lips thin, and he wore grey flannels and a pale green shirt. He is a son of missionaries, and he told me he did his work because he was "interested in natives". There was no doubt in his mind that the shooting was necessary. They would have skinned me alive if they could have caught me," he said. "Our office staff were evacuated in the nick of time."

"The women, I think, only dislike me in my official capacity. But I have to carry out the law. Privately, when they talk to me, they call me father."

To be frank, that was not how the women described him when talking to me. However, even if his sort of paternalism were acceptable to adult Africans, Mr. Bourquin must admit he is a stern father. It was he who later proposed that nine African men and women whom he regarded as "agitators" should be summarily banished from Durban without trial. If that was accepted, he had a further list of 20 whom he wanted similarly banished. The Council voted against his proposal by 11 votes to 6. It was Mr. Bourquin, too, though, who proposed that the Council immediately raise the miserable wages of their African employees, because he felt that poverty was a real factor in the riots. And it was Mr. Bourquin who subsequently went to consult African National Congress officials about this.

But the heroines of the whole affair are undoubtedly the women, those magnificently-built Zulu warriors of 1959. I stopped for a time with about 300 of them while they picketed the Lamontville beerhall on the Saturday afternoon after the Thursday terror. Police, black and white, heavily armed, lined the road for about a hundred yards.

The women, prancing about with their sticks, sang and jeered at the men—particularly the African police. The women looked determined, deeply angry; but traditional good spirits sparkled to the surface every now and then. They exploded in derision when two African policemen insisted on accompanying the woman all the way to the toilet. They shook their fists at the few defiant youngsters who, with much swagger and bravado, thought they could get through the feminine picket-lines to the beer. Within seconds the men scuttled, sheepish and filled with awe.

The Council closed the beerhalls until June 29, much against the advice of the police, who thought the women would regard it as a triumph. Which it was. But even when they reopened them, not a man or boy went near the places for weeks and at the time of writing, only a handful of men, said to be Council employees mostly, have returned to the halls.

The outstanding aspect of the women's demonstrations was the coherence and certainty of their battle: they knew whom they were fighting—Council and Government officials. This is quite different from the 1949 Cato Manor riots, when resentment and frustration burst out in passion against the Indians. Although a number of Indian shops were gutted during the latest riot, there was a great feeling of revulsion among the women about this. When I travelled with an Indian colleague in Cato Manor, several African women spontaneously came up to him to express regret at the damage done to Indian shops. There was no doubt that the main force of the women was directed against the authorities. There was also a good deal of general anti-white feeling that sometimes looked as if it might get out of hand. Some of the women shouted at us or refused to speak to us until my colleague explained that I was a correspondent for an overseas paper. On the night of the burnings and shootings several white journalists said that their lives were threatened.

But that was incidental. Officials and Government-supporting newspapers instantly denounced the African National Congress as the instigators of all the trouble. This was quite absurd: every eyewitness was aware of the spontaneity of the outburst, which only grew to fiery proportions when the police charged and shot at the women. In fact, offers by the A.N.C. to go into Cato Manor to pacify the women were rejected; request for officers of the non-political Institute of Race Relations to speak to the women was also refused.

However, Chief Luthuli, President of Congress, was at last officially asked to send a message to Cato Manor. He reminded the people that Congress was dedicated to non-violence and begged for calm. His statement, issued from Lower Tugela, the remote village to which he has been confined for five years, was immediately circulated in thousands of leaflets throughout the troubled areas of Durban, and probably had more than anything else to do with the restraint that followed.

Meanwhile, on the all-white beaches in Durban lapped by the warm Indian ocean, crowds of whites lay throughout the day

slowly braising brown in the sun. "Aai," one woman told me in disgust, "they fiddle while Durban burns."

In the glass house that was my hotel, stridently chic with artificial pools and rockeries in the hall, not one holiday reservation was cancelled because of the riots. Lounging in the well-sprung beds, the sun-tanned holiday-makers, mostly from Johannesburg, had their eight course breakfasts sent up on trays carried by non-white waiters as usual.

So complete and blindly optimistic, in fact, was the world of fantasy in which the whites in Durban lived, that they joked at every effort I made to open a discussion on the riots and turned again to their paw-paw and peanuts.

A large, round businessman with a pink smile who generously gave me a lift from the airport to save me time, blinked in bewilderment at my interest. "But what are three thousand crazy kaffir girls going to do?" he asked. "I'll tell you when I'll call it serious. I'll call it serious when my girl brings my morning tea in late."

He guffawed and waved his plump hands in the air. But he could not give me any directions for getting to the tin terror of Cato Manor. He had never seen the place.

His ignorance and indifference, like that of most white South Africans at this stage, is more than extraordinary: it is criminal. His open contempt for the "kaffir girl", who makes his tea and runs his house and probably earns far from a living wage, is only part of his crime; he has rasied not a finger to protest against the apartheid Acts that are depriving the non-whites of their final shred of dignity. He, with all the balmy sand philanderers of the Durban beaches and cocktail sippers throughout the country, must share the blame with officialdom.

For it is not only in Durban that unrest has reached feverish heights. It is everywhere in the country where the triple alliance of Group Areas Act, Urban Areas Act and passes for African women is being ruthlessly enforced.

In Durban, violence has brought the immediate benefits of slightly increased wages and consultations with the A.N.C. Congress, with its non-violent policy, knows that in the long run, however, violence will harm their movement. But in spite of their opposition, these sort of outbursts will surely increase. You cannot stoke up the fires, sit on the safety valves, and still hope to avoid the explosion.

THE AFRICAN IN INDUSTRY

BRIAN BUNTING

Former Member of Parliament representing the Africans of the Western Cape, forced to resign his seat under the 'Suppression of Communism' Act and banned from re-election.

ONE of the factors which is holding back the economic and social development of South Africa is the low standard of living of the African people. On the one hand, it deprives the South African producer of a well-developed home market capable of absorbing the bulk of his goods. On the other hand, it prevents the African people from acquiring the education, knowledge and skill which would enable them to increase their productivity. The disastrous effects of low wages on the African people themselves, though obvious at a glance, are generally the last to be discussed by professional economists who place the demands of their "dismal science" before those of human nature. Yet it is time that the human factor was taken more into consideration, for unless there is a change in the official attitude adopted towards the African worker, South Africa is in store for a series of unpleasant explosions on the industrial front.

Official figures of disputes involving Africans in 1959 are, of course, not yet available. But in the two years 1957 and 1958, according to figures supplied in Parliament by the Minister of Labour, Senator de Klerk, there were 173 strikes involving Africans in which a total of over 13,000 workers took part.

The figures themselves do not tell the whole story. In terms of the Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act passed by Parliament in 1953, it is illegal for African workers to go on strike. In practically every strike which has taken place this year, prosecutions have followed and workers have been victimized; in 1958, prosecutions were instituted on 23 occasions, and 453 workers were convicted. It is not surprising that under the circumstances the threat of prosecution acts as a deterrent to striking; if there is a façade of "peace and quiet" in industry, it is mainly the result of the Government's arbitrary use of *force majeure* to settle all industrial disputes involving Africans.

Just how effective the Government's labour legislation is in this regard may also be gauged from the fact that in only 9 cases out of the 173 strikes in the last two years were the disputes settled by the granting of increased wages or improved working conditions. The hard fact of life for the African worker is that

is paid wretched wages to start with, he is denied means of collective bargaining to improve his conditions, he is severely punished if in desperation he goes on strike to bring about a change, and he may eventually find himself—as a result of taking strike action—either working for lower wages than when he started, or without a job and in danger of being endorsed out of town.

Let us briefly consider each of these factors in turn.

The Wage Front

A great deal of attention has been focussed on the question of African wages in the last two years, firstly by the great bus boycott of 1957, and second by the campaign for £1 a day which culminated in the attempted three-day strike coinciding with the general election in 1958. The tremendous pressure which was built up from below, though it has not so far enabled the African worker to reach his target of an adequate living wage, has nevertheless demonstrated to the whole country the reality of African poverty and the demand that something be done about it. And the recent rioting in Durban has emphasized the urgency.

The Institute of Race Relations, in its excellent "Analysis of the Proposed Increases in African Taxation," issued in August 1958, quotes figures to show that "between 69 and 78 per cent of the African families in the towns concerned have incomes below the minimum necessary to provide the barest essentials of living." After analysing a number of surveys conducted by various public bodies and individuals, the Institute concludes: "Each of the surveys so far conducted of the incomes and expenditure of Africans has re-emphasized the fact that *their standard of living is far too low to be accepted with equanimity*. Wage levels have increased, but have not kept up with the increase in the cost of living; and the gap between average incomes and minimum expenditure essential for the maintenance of health has widened."

In other words, far from sharing in the so-called "prosperity" of which the Government boasts, the African worker knows only that his income is declining, that he has less money for food and clothes. Add to this that recent forced removals have in most cases faced the African breadwinner with the doubling of his already high transport costs; and that his taxation has arbitrarily been increased by a minimum of 75 per cent as from the beginning of this year; and it will become clear that widespread unrest among African workers is only to be expected.

We are thus presented with the fantastic situation that everybody—the African worker himself, the Chambers of Commerce and Industry, even the Government—is agreed that African wages are too low; yet nothing is done on a national scale to set matters right. Here and there a firm grants a wage increase; organized commerce and industry says it is the responsibility of the Government; the Minister throws the ball back to the employers; and the African continues to starve, to strike, to receive punishment whenever he gets too impatient.

Government policy is at the root of the present impasse. The Nationalists acknowledge that African wages are too low; but they are not prepared to do anything about it for political reasons. When, for instance, stevedoring workers in Port Elizabeth went on strike for higher wages in 1957, the employers reached an agreement with them for an increase—but the Minister of Labour, Senator de Klerk, refused to sanction it. The Government believes that any concession to Black clamour will only encourage further demands. If progress comes, it must come from the kindheartedness of the White, and not as the result of pressure from below. It ignores the fact that the White generally only develops a kind heart when pressure from below leaves him no other alternative.

Collective Bargaining

In their attitude toward Black demands, the Nationalists are neither original nor alone; they are merely its most consistent exponents. The pattern was set in 1946, when 75,000 African miners went on strike in support of the demand for a wage of 10s. a day. Their strike was bloodily suppressed by the Smuts Government, 13 men being killed and the remainder forced back to work at the point of a gun. The workers did not get their increase—but a few years later the ever-increasing shortage of labour compelled the Chamber of Mines, “unilaterally” as it claimed, to concede a general increase in wages to all grades of African mineworkers. The increase was not great—about 10s a month—but it inevitably posed the question: why could it not have been granted when it was asked for, thus saving 13 lives, many broken bodies, a whole harvest of hatred and the entire ugly aftermath of the strike?

The answer was most clearly supplied by Mr. Ben Schoeman, then Minister of Labour, in 1953, when he was piloting his Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Bill through the House

The Minister was explaining why the Government rejected the commendation of the Industrial Legislation Commission that African trade unions should be recognized, subject to stringent controls:

"I think that hon. members must realize that if we give that incentive to Natives to organize—and we must bear in mind that they are primitive and illiterate Natives who have not the faintest conception of the responsibilities of trade unionism, that they are people who cannot even read the constitution of a trade union, who know nothing about negotiation or the industrial set-up of South Africa—if we give them that incentive to organize and they should become well-organized—and again bearing in mind that there are almost 1,000,000 Native workers in industry and commerce today—they can use their trade unions as a political weapon and they can create chaos in South Africa at any given time. I think that we would probably be committing race suicide if we gave them that incentive".

Mr. Schoeman's argument was of course self-contradictory. On the one hand he argued that the Africans were incapable of trade union organization. They were illiterate and barbarous. Yet on the other hand, if they were incapable of trade unionism, why not give them the right to run trade unions? Surely people who were barbarous and primitive could never learn to organize and could never become a threat to the White man? Schoeman, of course, knew very well the Africans *were* capable of trade unionism. His own Industrial Legislation Commission had told him so.

"The Commission is satisfied that a sufficient number of native workers in commerce and secondary industry know enough about trade unionism to make the recognition of Native trade unions a practical proposition", it said in paragraph 1629 of its report, though it added, bearing in mind the needs of White Supremacy: "provided suitable measures for the guidance and control of these unions are introduced."

In paragraph 1546 of their report, the Commission had said: "Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory features characterizing the native trade union movement, the Commission is satisfied that there are a number of unions which are well organized and are conducted on correct lines. The leaders of some of these unions have in the past rendered considerable assistance by advising against, and restraining their members from taking drastic action; they are able to place the case for the workers before

wage fixing bodies, and some of them have shown indication of a measure of ability to negotiate with employers”.

But Mr. Schoeman refused to recognize African unions, and hoped that as a result of his Bill they would “bleed to death”. In their place he proposed an apparatus of compulsory arbitration by the State which, to the best of my knowledge, has never yet been able to bring a dispute to a satisfactory settlement.

The Act provides for the establishment of a Central Native Labour Board, of Europeans only, appointed by the Minister; regional Native Labour Committees, of which the chairman is European and the remaining members “Natives appointed by the Minister”; and works committees elected by the workers in any establishment under the supervision of the Native Labour Officer for the area. (Despite the name, a “Native Labour Officer” must be a European, again appointed by the Minister.) The function of a works committee is to be consulted by the Native Labour Officer, who must report to the regional Native Labour Committee, which must settle the dispute somehow and make a recommendation to the Central Native Labour Board, which must make a recommendation to the Minister, who can do as he pleases, unless the Board is unable to reach a solution, in which case the matter can be referred to the Wage Board.

When he introduced his Bill in Parliament, the Minister, Mr. Schoeman, said it was essential to create machinery and appoint officials “in whom the Natives will have confidence”. Most surprisingly, however, the workers have had no confidence in the cumbrous, bureaucratic machinery set up under the Act. Mr. Schoeman’s successor, Senator de Klerk, told Parliament in April, 1959, that in the whole of the Union only 8 works committees had been set up in terms of the Act. The Africans have, for the most part, refused to have any dealings with the officials appointed in terms of the Act, whom they regard as agents of the Government and *ipso facto* their enemies. The workers have clung to their own free unions, despite every discouragement; but in the majority of strikes they have acted on their own, without unions, without Government officials, relying on their own team-spirit as workers to see them through a dispute.

The Government’s own claims for the success of the Act can only be described as modest in the extreme. The Minister said that in the two years 1957 and 1958, only 4 disputes were settled by the Central Native Labour Board, and only 3 by the works

committees, though he claims a total of 363 were settled by his regional committees and Native Labour Officers. It is difficult to determine the real significance of these figures, however, bearing in mind that he had earlier told Parliament there were 173 strikes involving Africans in these two years. What, for instance, does the Minister understand by "settling" a dispute? He admits that in only 9 of the 173 strikes was the dispute settled by the granting of wage increases. Does he also regard a dispute as "settled" if the entire labour force is arrested, confined and endorsed out of town and the employer supplied with alternative labour? There can be no other explanation for the Minister's strange statistics.

Prohibition of Strikes

The fact is that the Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act was never designed to meet the needs of the African workers. The only section of the Act which can be said to have worked is the one prohibiting strikes (section 18). And that has been evoked with unfailing regularity. When a dispute breaks out, the employers have been instructed to send out an immediate O.S. to the Labour Department, and in a trice Department officials and the police, as well as members of the Special Branch, appear on the scene. If the dispute has reached the point where the workers have stopped work, the Labour Department officials warn them that they are breaking the law and must return to work immediately. *Absolutely no attempt is made to negotiate on the actual grievances or demands of the workers.* No undertakings are given. The men are told to go back to work, or else. . . . Not unnaturally, the men often refuse, insisting that they have had good reason to stop working and that they want their demands discussed. This is usually the signal for the police to arrest all the strikers on the spot or to launch one of their vicious baton charges. Examples—the recent stevedores' strike in Durban, the huge Amato strike in 1958. In most cases it can be stated quite categorically that police and Labour Department intervention actually prevented the conclusion of a peaceful agreement between the workers and the management, and was the direct cause of the subsequent violence.

In the beginning, the Chamber of Industries was fearful that the Native Labour Act, by encouraging the establishment of works committees, might lead to co-ordinated and collective action by the African workers and facilitate their demands for

higher wages. In a circular letter to employers issued in 1954 the Transvaal Chamber of Industries advised: "On reflection it would seem that the less use there is made at the present juncture of the Native Labour Act, the greater the assurance for maintaining the equipoise of competition within the country and South Africa's ability to compete with external manufacturers". Which is the Chamber's polite justification for the policy of continuing to pay as low wages as possible.

Later experience of the workings of the Act reassured the employers, however, that the raising of wages was the last intention behind the enactment of the law, and nowadays it is commonplace for employers to turn to the Labour Department at the first sign of trouble.

Some employers, however, have found that the swift retribution meted out to strikers is not always beneficial for business. When your entire labour force is removed in police vans to the cells, your factory production comes to a stop. If hundreds of workers are involved, it is not so easy for the Government labour bureaux to replace them. In Randfontein in 1955, for example, 169 textile workers went on strike and were fined £1 each. The firm employing the workers paid the fines, but the court ordered that the amounts be deducted from the pay packets of the workers, the entire amount to be repaid over a period of eight weeks.

Similarly, in 1956, an East Rand employer paid out £406 in fines when 58 African workers from Rand Mining Timber Co. were fined £7 each. Similar examples can be quoted from many other centres. An alternative tactic on the part of the employers nowadays is to have only the ringleaders of the strike arrested. 2,000 dynamite workers in Somerset West went on strike, but only two were charged. Where workers' unity is complete reprisals become impossible, as in the case of the Hammersdale strike this year, and the milling workers' strike in 1957.

The Hammersdale strike provides, incidentally, an illuminating insight into the labour policies of the Nationalist Government. The owners had closed down their factories in Fordsburg and Durban and opened the Hammersdale factory outside the urban area, about 36 miles from Durban, because they would be able to pay their workers lower wages (in the urban area the levels are laid down by an industrial agreement which does not cover the outside areas). About 500 workers were employed there at wages ranging from 15s. for women to £1 for men. PE

K. The labour force included an ex-principal of a school, school teachers and matriculants.

In spite of the low wages paid, there was a surplus of labour in the area, and each day scores of workers seeking employment were turned away. For when the factory was first established at the beginning of 1958, the local Native Commissioner, using despotic powers vested in him under the pass laws, blockaded labour in the area and in the neighbouring reserves and prevented it from going into the larger industrial areas of Durban, Pieterburg and Pinetown to seek work.

The result of the strike was that wages were increased immediately by from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a week—but even at the new level, they constitute less than 30 per cent of the monthly £23 10s. set down by the Institute of Race Relations as the bare minimum for a family of five.

employment

A factor promoting unrest is the widespread and increasing unemployment among Africans throughout the Union. Unfortunately, no figures of African unemployment are kept. At the end of January, 1959, the registered European, Coloured and Indian unemployed totalled 24,700—the highest figure for some years. By the end of February this figure had risen to 25,071. In the Government's African labour bureaux do not keep figures of the unemployed, only of registered workseekers, which is quite a different thing. An African who is unemployed does not qualify for unemployment pay, because since December, 1952, he has not been entitled to receive any; his industrial council is not interested in him, since he doesn't rate as an employee under the Industrial Conciliation Act; he probably has not got made union; if he reports to the pass office, where there is already a pool of available unemployed registered workseekers, he is likely to be endorsed out of town, back to the reserves or to the farms. The total number of registered workseekers fluctuates enormously from month to month, depending on the seasonal demand for labour in the towns, but has at times been well over the 100,000 mark. The total number of unemployed Africans might easily amount to 500,000. But who can tell? Work diseases have to be notified and treated; human unemployment is ignored by law.

The ever-present threat of unemployment and endorsement out of towns has the effect of keeping an African worker tied

to his job and fearful of asking for higher wages because of the drastic penalties to which he may be exposed by his "recalcitrance" (the word used by the Transvaal Chamber of Industry in its 1955 circular to describe Africans who make wage demands).

What is to be Done?

When the Africans on the Witwatersrand embarked on the three-month long bus boycott in 1957, in protest against the fare increase, Minister Schoeman, with his usual braggadocio, promised to beat the boycotters to their knees and threw the whole police force into the fray. In the end, however, it was the Africans who won the day, and Schoeman was forced to introduce a special Bill in Parliament providing for the payment of an increased subsidy to enable the bus company to continue to operate at the old fare.

At the same time, public clamour, in which the Chambers of Commerce and Industry this time joined, forced the Minister of Labour to undertake an inquiry into unskilled wages on the Rand through the machinery of the Wage Board. The inquiry took almost two years, and its recommendations for the Witwatersrand and Pretoria were only gazetted in the first quarter of this year. But quite apart from the length of time it takes the Wage Board to make a recommendation, the worst feature of its recent activities has been that it recommends wages which are lower than those African workers are already receiving! Johannesburg municipality, for example, is today paying its unskilled labourers £2.12s. 9d. a week; yet the Wage Board has recommended an amount of £2 11s. 9d. The Wage Board claims its recommending increases ranging from 15 to 22½ per cent, but these are not increases on the existing wage, but on the previous legal minimum laid down 17 years ago. The same thing happened in other industries.

The Wage Board's justification for this practice is that it is only laying down the legal minimum, and that there is nothing to stop employers paying higher wages if they want to. But there are employers willing to take advantage of their legal rights, and a canning factory in Tulbagh has already notified its intention of cancelling its agreement with the union and cutting wages up to 13s. Union officials point out that when the first determination for their industry was gazetted in 1943, it had the effect of raising the lowest levels of unskilled wages in the canning ind-

i.e. the legal minimum was higher than the then prevailing one actually paid. Today the position is reversed.

For all these reasons, workers have no confidence in the machinery of the Wage Board. Its inquiries take too long (only 7 determinations in the 2 years, 1957 and 1958), and its determinations bear no relationship to the real situation which faces the workers. It is not surprising that under the circumstances, the chairman of the Wage Board complained that during its hearings in the Witwatersrand, the majority of employers could not be bothered to place their views before the Board. Why bother with a Board whose findings are irrelevant to the needs of employers and employees alike?

The greatest shortcoming of the Wage Board is that it is not empowered by law to investigate two industries which employ enormous numbers of unskilled workers—farming and domestic work. Further, although often requested to do so by the trade union movement, it has never undertaken an investigation of the mining industry, which employs between 300,000 and 500,000 African workers. Yet it is precisely these three industries which determine the general pattern of unskilled wages. Hampered by most industrial legislation and wage-fixing machinery, these three industries pay the lowest wages in the nation. The mines, for example, are today paying wages only a fraction higher than were paid to African miners at the turn of the century nearly 60 years ago.

The overall picture, then, is one of ruthless exploitation of black labour by private enterprise, aided by the Government's apartheid legislation, which denies the African the right and opportunity to organize effectively for collective bargaining with his employer, and deprives him of the ultimate weapon used by workers throughout the world—the right to withdraw labour power.

The outlook for the future, so long as present policies are enforced, is grim. The economic deadlock cannot be resolved within the framework of apartheid. African starvation will continue and intensify. Race and class conflict will become more determined and more bitter on both sides of the line. Only a complete recasting of our national policies can bring about a lasting solution. Of this the Nationalist Government is incapable. Only the democratic opposition, both inside and outside Parliament, which can bring about a change.

THE AFRICAN ON THE FARM

BEN TUROK, M.P.C.

National Secretary of the South African Congress of Democrats and Member of the Cape Provincial Council representing the Africans of the Western Cape.

RENEWED attention has once again been focussed on the pass laws with the announcement early this year that nearly one and a quarter million Africans are prosecuted every year for petty offences principally arising out of the various restrictions on their movement. "Every African male in the cities can expect to be arrested at least once a year for some petty offence", the Johannesburg *'Star'* commented. And the tide of protest against these laws continues to rise.

Yet despite a hasty assurance by the Minister of Justice that the number of summary arrests would be curtailed, it is clear that the pass system is such an essential part of White South Africa that nothing will be done by the authorities to alter its position. White official sources still constantly insist that the pass system operates in order to keep a check on the movements of criminals, 'won't-works' and other 'undesirable elements' in the cities; the real reason for the pass laws—the direction of labour to the farms—is rarely acknowledged. The pass laws have become so vital to the steady supply of labour to the farms that agriculture as presently organized would face a very serious crisis were they ever to be abolished. As the International Labour Organization Report concluded, "It is in this direct sense therefore that a system of forced labour of great significance to the national economy appears to exist in South Africa."

The Labour Bureaux make a great show of controlling and directing African labour in the urban areas. But in fact, if the offices were abolished, the ordinary labour needs of commerce and industry would be readily met by the thousands of Africans who constantly enter and work in the cities on the basis of supply and demand. The mines, on the other hand, have their own labour recruiting machinery operating in the reserves. Thus the Labour Bureaux exist at all only as channels for diverting labour from the towns to the countryside, with the pass laws as their sluice-gates.

The Contract System

Every African who wishes to enter an urban area to seek work

first apply for a permit from the local authority. If the permit is refused, he must either leave the area within 72 hours and try his luck in another urban area, or else agree to go for work at the Native Affairs Department Labour Bureau. The choice is a cruel one: he knows that unless he accepts farm work he may continue wandering endlessly from town to town, getting the same treatment wherever he goes. In many cases Africans agree to take farm work for a short period in the hope that thereafter they will be given a permit for urban employment. In Johannesburg, the City Council refused entry to 710 Africans in December, 1958 (a quiet month), and of these 232 signed contracts at the N. A. D. Labour Bureau.

What happened to the remaining 478 no one knows, but that many remained in Johannesburg is clear from the number of Africans who are arrested monthly for being in the urban area illegally. In the subsequent month, January, 1959, for example, 42 Johannesburg Africans were arrested for "petty offences", mainly transgressions of the pass laws. Many of these offenders are undoubtedly old residents of Johannesburg who have never regularised their right to stay, but others are newcomers who have failed to get the necessary permission to enter the City Council.

These people are finger-printed by the police on arrest and are taken to the Labour Bureau, where they are screened and offered farm work. Those who refuse are returned to the police for prosecution in court, though the opportunity to refuse is always given, and many instances have come to light where Africans have been forced into taking farm work without knowing that they had the right to submit their arrest to trial.

Meanwhile, those Africans who have agreed to accept farm work rather than face prosecution, are regarded as probationers—even though they have not been convicted of any offence.

The contract form is filled out in duplicate—one for the farmer and the other remaining with the Bureau. It is supposed to stipulate the period covered by the contract, usually 90 days, the rate of pay, which is an average of 70/- per thirty days worked in the Johannesburg area—with food, quarters and medical attention supplied. Any period of illness is not paid for in any way, and taken together all the wages in cash and food probably average £60 per year.

As this system is at present, it will undoubtedly become more so when the application of the pass laws to African women

gets into its stride. For it has been officially admitted that the contract system will then be extended to include women as well, especially in harvest time. This will be a new departure in South Africa, since today even convicted women prisoners are prohibited from being forced to do farm labour by a Prison Act of 1911.

The contract signed at the Labour Bureau is unique in legal procedure, for not only does the African sign it under duress but he may not break it even if the stated conditions of his employment are not fulfilled.

In terms of the Native Labour Regulation Act, it is an offence for an African to "neglect to perform any work or refuse to obey any lawful command or use insulting language to his employer". The most that the African can do is report the farmer to the nearest police station or Native Affairs Department official. How much sympathy he would receive from either quarter depends on the individual concerned, but where there is so much hatred between White and Black (particularly in the countryside) and where the farmer is probably on social terms with the officials, most Africans would rather not take this course. Instead, they try and escape.

Officials admit that this happens frequently. Some say that on occasions as many as five out of ten contracted labourers escape before finishing their term. That the conditions on most farms are atrocious is also not denied officially. There has been too much publicity in the press for any denial to carry much weight. However nothing is done to improve matters and, if anything, conditions are getting steadily worse.

Convict Labour

"Lack of labour is the farmer's greatest problem", said Mr V. R. Verster, Head of the Prisons Department in South Africa speaking at Riversdale in February, 1959. "The Department of Prisons has become the focal point to the farmers from the Limpopo to the Cape. They all want labour from us, but we cannot supply it all. We are doing everything in our power to meet the emergency. More than 12,000 convicts are used daily for the building of dams in this area."

It is accepted that there is an emergency in the supply of farm labour, but the emergency is nothing new. It is a product of the rapid industrialisation of South Africa during this century. As far back as 1932, strong measures were taken to alleviate the

stage of farm labour with the introduction of the '6d. a day scheme'. First offenders serving prison sentences of less than 12 months were handed over to farmers for the duration of their sentences at the remuneration of 6d. per day, plus food, clothes and clothing. The scheme was compulsory and resulted in 'not infrequent desertions and reports of unfavourable conditions of employment and treatment of escapees.' (Director of Prisons Report, 1953.)

The scheme came under very heavy fire from the famous Royal Commission on prisons—the Lansdowne Commission of 1957. The Commission Report found that the scheme was 'very undesirable', recommended that it terminate immediately, and that other labour be found to replace the convicts. Unfortunately, the Commission did not consider what would replace convict labour; and after a placatory suspension of six months, the scheme was restarted in response to heavy pressure from the farmers.

The objections of the Commission are important, for they apply today. They held that cheap convict labour undercut rates of pay of ordinary labour, that the frequent desertions were an undesirable feature, and that there were occasions when a prisoner was not released on termination of his sentence. The Report recommended that the Prison Department's accommodation difficulties should not be solved by sending short-term convicts to farms, but by reducing the number of people sent to prison in the first place.

When the scheme was resumed, it was supposed to have been modified in certain respects. Prisoners were no longer to be sent to take on farm work, and the pay was raised to 9d. per day.

Nevertheless, the number of convict farm workers has steadily increased. In 1951, the number was 28,000; in 1953, 55,000; and 100,000 for the two years, 1953/4. The only other figure available is that for the first six months of 1958, when 36,600 were contracted out in the Transvaal alone.

In practice the scheme, which operates from 165 jails scattered throughout the country, is mainly applied to "petty offenders"—pass, permit and tax defaulters; and the prisoner is considered to be on parole while working on the farm. The farmers, however, seldom look at it in this way. They consider, having been obliged to pay the wages of their labourers to the prison authorities in advance, they enjoy the rights and conditions of prison warders themselves. Cases have been

reported where the labourers are kept locked up in the most primitive barns with no ventilation, and transported in home-made closed lorries under suffocating conditions; while periodic reports of assault and whipping to work appear in the press.

The prison authorities claim that "they soon get to know which are the bad farmers"; and the supply of labour is thus stopped, or a particular matter handed over to the police. No black list, however, is kept by the Department of Prisons, and the number of farmers who have actually had their labour stopped must be very few indeed.

Long Term Prisoners

Long term prisoners are also hired out for farm labour under a number of different schemes. The first is the farm jail system. A number of years ago when the Government was faced with the problem of housing an ever-increasing number of convicts, it arrived at an arrangement with the various farmer's unions whereby the unions build a jail in their area with their own capital and then draw on prisoners from the Government jails in proportion to the funds that they have invested in the building. The Department of Prisons supplies the staff to supervise the jail, but the union is responsible for its maintenance. The Cape Province has five such jails, the O.F.S. one, and the Transvaal ten; and together these jails accommodated a daily average of 4,600 in 1953, the last year for which figures are available.

Although warders are supposed to be supplied by the Prison Department, the farmers frequently supply their own warders who are sworn in at the prison and guard the convicts while they are at work. All fees—normally 2/- per day per convict—are paid into prison funds, and the convict gets nothing for his labour.

Another variation of this system exists in which the gaols and warders are provided by the Government. In this case the prisoners are sent out to surrounding farms daily under official guard—a type of labour extensively employed by Government Departments.

Apart from the great number of convicts used for the building of dams, the railways use some 2,000 prisoners daily, while the Department of Public Works used 1,000 'units' and various other Departments 5,500 daily in 1954. The Department

labour has given its sanction to this labour scheme.

Farm Labour Supervision

It is generally agreed by officialdom that labour supplied through the intervention of Government Departments remains the responsibility of the Government as long as the contract is operative. Provision is made for the appointment of Inspectors of Native Labour under Act 54/52, and apparently one such person has actually been appointed to operate in the Transvaal. The Department of Prisons has official inspectors who tour the farms regularly, but with the shortage of staff and general lack of concern, the only time a farm is actually visited is when there have been a series of strong complaints.

Native Affairs Department Inspectors are given wide powers and may try any case where an African has refused to obey the farmer or has used insulting language. They also have powers, under the Public Health Act and the Native Labour Regulations, to recommend the stopping of the labour supply, and could, if they desired, do a great deal to improve the lot of the farm labourer. But in the Transvaal, where the worst cases of ill-treatment have occurred, only three persons have ever had their labour stopped, and then only for short periods.

Of all the agencies interested in the conditions of farm labourers, the press has played the most important part in constantly keeping the injustice and brutalities of the system before the public eye.

Conclusion

Exposures of assaults and the ill-treatment of labourers by farmers, compound managers and boss boys have frequently reached the city public, but no significant dent has yet been made in the armour of the whole farm labour system. For in the thirty to forty years, a pressure group wielding great political power, with a vested interest in cheap forced labour, has grown up in the countryside. Its tentacles reach out into the prisons, the pass offices and labour bureaux seeking ever more efficient methods with which to seize the African worker and snatch him from the cities. The farmer cannot do without cheap convict labour, and the African people must be scrupulously and, if necessary, with violence and waste 'controlled', in order that their needs might be adequately met.

THE NEW SERFDOM

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

South African Correspondent of "Reynolds News" and "The Christian Century"
Correspondent of the "New Statesman".

BEHIND the Nationalist Government's temporarily suspended "inducement" to Africans to "volunteer" for farm labour and behind the continued leasing of African convicts to white farmers lies the story of a much greater Nationalist achievement—the transformation of 2½ million Africans into hereditary serfs.

The "volunteer" system, which is outlined elsewhere in this issue, has been shown to be illegal even in Nationalist law, and it has been this fact which has enabled Mr. Joel Carlson, a Johannesburg attorney, to bring one *habeas corpus* application after another before the courts in recent months, and to secure the release of individual "volunteers". Sworn affidavit after affidavit has told of the summary arrest of an African youth or man for alleged pass-law infringements; of his being held incommunicado while officials made dire threats of long hard-labour sentences in notorious jails unless he "volunteered" for farm labour, and of reluctant thumbs pressed onto inking pads and contracts. Then comes the "sold" man's trip in closed trucks to the farm of his new *baas*; frequently followed by gratuitous assault on arrival and always the long, back-breaking labour from dawn to dusk under club- or whip-wielding African "boss-boys", who buttress their pitiful positions of power by giving brutal physical expression to the greed which drives their white masters.

Frantic families try vainly to find what has happened to their men and boys who, unable to communicate with them, eke out their days on diets of porridge and weak coffee, dressed in sack and crowded at night onto the concrete floors or bunks of filthy buildings.

Only if, when they are not at work, the "volunteers" are locked up can a *habeas corpus* application succeed, as a Supreme Court judge has ruled that otherwise they are free to escape. Such attempts are, in fact, commonplace; but, if unsuccessful, can lead to the "volunteer" being beaten to death. It was a court order for exhumation in a case where this was suspected of having happened that shocked the English language press, which has in recent years been taking a remarkably increasing interest in African affairs, into backing Mr. Carlson's crusade against the scheme.

When Chief Rabbi L. I. Rabinowitz of Johannesburg immediately called on Jewish farmers to abandon "volunteer" labour, some of them did so; and when two Jewish M.P.'s in the United Party joined the widespread liberal protest against the scheme by attacking it in the House, it proved too much for Nationalist rank-and-filers. Parliament was treated to the most virulent outbursts of anti-semitism heard in South Africa since Dr. Verwoerd resigned as editor of the "Transvaler".

Nevertheless, the Government thought it worth-while to throw white public opinion—and the overseas press—the sop of suspending the scheme. It was, of course, a cynical diversionary ploy, for a judicial commission of inquiry was refused. Instead, "impartial" investigations are being conducted by two committees made up of representatives of the police who arrest alleged pass-offenders; of the government departments which induce the suspects to "volunteer" for farm labour in the first place; and of the white farmers to whom, in the language used by officials, they are "sold".

All this should not, however, be allowed to obscure the fact that, horrible as it is, the "volunteer" system is only a relatively minor aspect of the plight of African farm labourers in the Union.

Even both the "volunteer" and the convict labour system can, even if extensively operated, provide only a partial answer to the white farmers' need for cheap labour. Nor will this need be met by the Nationalists' present policy of facing Africans from neighbouring territories who have settled in South African towns with the alternative of becoming farm labourers or being thrown out of the country. Aside from migratory mine workers, there are at present some 330,000 Africans from the British Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland in South Africa, and some 70,000 from Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. Many of these men have settled in the towns and married local women, but the farm labour harvest from their ranks can hardly meet the white farmers' needs.

South African farmers are, on the whole, remarkably inefficient, obtaining low yields from extensive dry farming which, even to-day, depends largely on unskilled labour. The second world war created boom conditions for agricultural products, and over the past twenty years white farmers have increased the area they cultivate from 6·8 to over 10 million morgen, out of their total land holding of 102 million morgen. The State's agricultural policy has always protected the inefficient and the

lazy white farmer, and before the war agriculture was sunk in an ox-drawn torpor. The increased intensity of cultivation since then has been achieved largely by the introduction of tractors of which there were only 6,019 in 1937 but 106,000 in 1957. This mechanization, however, did not extend to such key activities as the harvesting of *mealies* (maize), to which 40% of farming land is devoted. Therefore the expansion of white farming has, despite mechanization, meant an ever-increasing demand for unskilled labour. And this labour has been increasingly difficult to come by, for the war-stimulated development of industries has drawn Africans to the towns. Between 1936 and '57, South Africa's total non-white population increased by 48%, but its urban non-white population increased by 119% (from 1,843,000 to 4,040,000).

The farmers did not meet the challenge of regular working hours, higher wages and increased opportunities which the towns offered, by substantially improving conditions for farm labourers. Increases in cash wages have, in general, barely kept pace with the rising cost of living; and in other ways, as will be described, conditions have actually worsened. Government statistics show that in 1954 the average monthly income in cash and kind of a male farm labourer was only 74 shillings, excluding free "accommodation".

Instead of improving conditions, white farmers have looked to the Government to provide them with cheap labour. Under South Africa's electoral constituency system, the weighting of the white farmer's vote has increased as whites, too, drifted to the towns; and as long as the façade of white parliamentary government is maintained, the demands of the white farmer must be heeded.

When the Nationalists, their political mystique tied to a fast vanishing pastoral *volk*, came to power in 1948, they were fully aware of these facts. They were in any case determined to tighten control over every aspect of the African's life, and both rural vote-catching and the ideological fantasies of *apartheid* could be served by clamping down particularly on the movement from farm to town. Like their predecessors, the Nationalists have seen the African as a transient in the white man's world, forced to seek work there by imposed taxation and allowed to remain only for as long as his labour is required. But, unlike their predecessors, the Nationalists have made a legal reality of the transient status for almost all Africans in the towns, and a

creasingly imposing it even on white-owned farms. Their ideal is a rootless, right-less and self-perpetuating black rural working class, forced to accept whatever wages and living conditions its white employers may choose to grant.

The Nationalists therefore set out to abolish the squatter and to reduce the labour-tenant system, both of which had become widely established and, to use a much-abused word, additional. Squatters either pay rent to the farmer for land which they cultivate for their own use or, if they are lucky, are permitted to farm rent-free. Labour-tenants are permitted to cultivate a part of the white farmer's land for their own use, and in return the whole family has to work for the farmer when required. Here, as with hired full-time labourers, there has never been any outside control over working hours, payment or living conditions. Nor has productivity entered into the picture; supply and demand have determined conditions. The farmer has offered only as much as he thought would prevent the worker from moving elsewhere. Having no vote, no trade union and practically no rights, the labourer's only bargaining counter was the fact that he might look for better conditions elsewhere.

The Nationalists' achievement is that they have so effectively tightened the State's control over the African as to make it practically impossible for the farm labourer to leave his employment, however bad his circumstances may be.

They are, moreover, to-day within measuring distance of making it impossible for most of the $2\frac{1}{2}$ million Africans presently resident on white-owned farms ever to be anything but farm labourers, thus making their status hereditary. Those of them who have a legally recognised stake in the Reserves can elect to take their chance instead in these already heavily over-populated and endemically famine-stricken "Bantustans"; those who have no such stake have not even this 'alternative'.

It has become almost impossible for farm workers or their families to settle in the towns. In theory, a farm worker may move from one farm to another. But, since 1952, matters have been so arranged that, in effect, no African farm labourer can leave his work without his employer's consent. No one may now employ an African over 16 years of age without his producing a reference book, which must be endorsed every month and in which the fact and date of discharge must be entered. To employ an African whose previous employer has not released him in this way is an offence. If a farmer refuses to accept a labourer's

notice and refuses to enter a discharge in his book, there is nothing the labourer can do about it. If he leaves without an endorsement, he becomes a deserter, commits an offence, and cannot look for work on neighbouring farms. And even if his *baas* lets him go, he can only get another job as a farm labourer in the area or, if he is lucky enough to have a stake there, risk starvation in the Reserves. The towns are closed to him; and, in effect, he and his children and his children's children can be nothing but farm labourers, untouched by outlandish ideas such as minimum wages or maximum hours of work. Their lives are completely dependent on the paternalistic whims of their white *baas*, who may, if he wishes, forbid them religious and social gatherings, beer-brewing and drinking, and bar their children from school.

Naturally, the realization of this new serfdom depends on the effectiveness of the white State's administrative machine, and here, as elsewhere, tyranny is being tempered by inefficiency. This and economic realities no doubt account for the fact that, whilst the years 1951-57 saw the Union's total African population increase by 14%, they increased its urban African population by 42% and the African population of "white" farms by only 17½% (from 2,120,000 to 2,500,000).

The increasing measure of success which Nationalist farm labour policy is meeting with, however, may be judged by the fact that the number of adult male labourers increased by 19% (from 629,000 to 750,000). These latter figures indicate that the Nationalists are succeeding dramatically in reducing the numbers of squatters and labour-tenants.

Statistics on farm labour are notoriously hard to come by, but a clear idea of what the country-wide position of farm labourers will soon be has been given in an excellent study published this year by the South African Institute of Race Relations and entitled "Labour in the Farm Economy". In it, Miss Margaret Roberts gives the detailed results which she obtained from a year's field work on 73 farms in the Albany and Bathurst districts of the Eastern Cape, as well as the laws affecting farm labour and some excellent general conclusions, on which I have drawn in this article. Miss Roberts found that the average earnings—in cash and kind—of a family of 6 to 7 were just under £9 a month; and that most of this was paid in kind. Despite the grim poverty which this figure reflects, farmers in these districts are increasingly being faced with the—to them quite new—problem of a surplus

labour. Even where they are prepared to allow young Africans to leave the farms on which they have been born and to seek employment for a while in the towns, officials will not issue the requisite permits.

If, moreover, a married man were to be granted a permit, his family would, unless he had a stake in a Reserve, join the most tragic of all the groups which 'white civilisation' has created in South Africa—men, women and children who have no legal right to be anywhere at all. For to-day only the families of men employed on a farm may live on it. Men alone are, occasionally, permitted to leave the farms to work as needed in the towns; but the moment they do so, the families they leave behind face restriction and prosecution. The Government has talked of setting up villages to accommodate the families of migrant workers in the Reserves-become-Bantustans, but so far these exist only in the mists of ideological *apartheid*.

Meanwhile, the same grim fate of permanent flight and illegality faces the families of farm labourers who lose their jobs or who leave. This applies throughout the country, and in the area surveyed by Miss Roberts most of the labourers had no stake in the reserves.

As court cases have shown, there are already people in this position in other areas, such as Bethal, which are far from any reserve. Though no one knows what their number is, it is certain to grow rapidly as Nationalist administration is tightened.

The position of farm workers can, under the present system, only grow worse and worse. Miss Roberts found, in the Albany and Bathurst districts, ample proof that African labourers were keen and able to acquire the skills which mechanization required, and that they were increasingly dissatisfied with their present lot. Farmers here, as everywhere, fear the risk of capitalising their enterprises as long as farm produce prices are not stabilized; but even if they increased the productivity of their labourers through mechanization, it would worsen, rather than improve, the labourers' position. The law of supply and demand has been administratively abolished for them. Mechanization would bring an increase in wages to the skilled operators of machines, and it would make large numbers of manual labourers redundant. With increasing numbers of labourers, confined by law to a given farming area, competing for fewer and ever fewer jobs, wages and conditions would sink yet lower.

With the steady natural increase in the Union's African population, "surpluses" of farm labourers will in any event be created in all but those few farming areas which, like Bethal, have never had large resident African populations. But even the farmers in such areas need not lose heart, for the legal and administrative machinery already exists to "effect an even distribution for the farming community". Faced with the alternative of starvation on the farms on which they were born, Africans may be "induced" to move permanently even to Bethal, whose labour "problem" would thus be "solved".

This, rather than concessions to public outcry or international protest, may eventually lead the Nationalist Government to modify, if not to abolish, the "volunteer" and convict labour systems. Meanwhile, by excluding Africans in "white" rural areas even from the farcical structures of Bantu Authorities and Bantustans, the Nationalists have given the world notice that they are in deadly earnest about forcing the 2½ million African men, women and children presently on white-owned farms into a new serfdom.

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UNIVERSITIES IN ETHNASIA

MAURICE POPE

Professor of Classics, University of Cape Town

the normal course of development, Fort Hare, the one predominantly African College in South Africa, would have become a fully fledged university by next year or the year after. With a teaching staff of 44 and a student enrolment of 500, its record compared favourably with that of other South African colleges at the time of their elevation. Its teaching record was a good one, and the proportion of its students who passed their examinations was if anything rather higher than that of other residential universities in the country. Facilities for post-graduate training and research were provided, and up to the present some two dozen Masters or Honours degrees have been obtained. The staff was appointed in the same manner and averaged the same academic calibre as that of other South African Universities. The reputation of the College was high not only within the Union but beyond its borders, and—until prohibitions were applied by the present Government—drew students from Central Africa, Tanganyika, and the Portuguese territories. In function, therefore, Fort Hare was already a university; in status it was almost so. Its Senate and Council enjoyed an almost complete autonomy under the aegis of Rhodes University. Its Principal was a full member of the Committee of University Principals. The College was a full member of the Association of Commonwealth Universities, and at this honour is not easily gained is shown by the fact that the application for membership by the University College of Roman Basutoland) last year was not accepted.

Today all this is lost. Fort Hare will not become a university within the foreseeable future. The reason is the legislation—passed by the last session of Parliament—ironically called the Extension of University Education Act, together with its rollary, the Act for the Transfer of the University College of Fort Hare. The new college will no longer come under the review of the Department of Education or the University Advisory Committee. It will no longer be represented on the Committee of University Principals; and it will almost certainly not be re-admitted to membership of the Commonwealth Universities Association, and will thus lose *inter alia* the oppor-

tunities offered by that Association for the appointment and interchange of staff. The Senate and Council will be robbed of almost all their powers. The members will be chosen by the Minister, who is not even the Minister of Education, but the Minister of Bantu Education. But though these bodies will consist entirely of the Minister's nominees, the Minister must determine even such trivialities as the manner in which they buy stores and equipment. The Council will have the power to appoint an undetermined proportion of the staff (with the approval of the Minister). The remainder of the staff will be appointed by the Minister direct. These may be discharged equally directly or summarily transferred even to a lower grade post if the Minister thinks it in the interests of the college. The Minister may limit the admission of students to persons of particular ethnic groups within the non-White community, and may even refuse admittance to any individual student if he thinks that his exclusion would be to the advantage of the university college. So much for the limitations of the powers of the Council. Its nature, and that of the Senate, is even more extraordinary. They are both Siamese twins. There is a Council and an Advisory Council. There is a Senate and an Advisory Senate. We are told, though it is not laid down in the Act, that in each case one will be White and the other Black. At first Black will advise White. Later, when the whim takes him or he feels that the Europeans have had enough advice, the Minister shall say: *Eia, mutatis discedite partibus!* Advisory shall then become Executive, and *vice versa*. The Black man shall be at the wheel, and the White the back-seat driver. During all this time one imagines the same agenda will be debated twice and duplicate committees shadow each other. The avowed object of this astonishing arrangement is that it will foster a sense of responsibility. If they are merely members of a proper committee with actual power, non-Europeans apparently suffer feelings of frustration and evade their responsibilities, while the Europeans—contrariwise—find it an irresistible temptation to do all the work and keep the power in their own hands.

The reader who has now become incredulous will find the reference for all this in the de Wet Nel Parliamentary Commission's Report (U.G. 32—'58) p. 111. He will also, if he has come to doubt human sanity, find the proposal for the dual Council and Senate, together with the reasons put forward for

the institution, strongly opposed by Professor Olivier, the chairman of the apartheid-dedicated South African Bureau of Social Affairs (SABRA), Professor Coetzee, the Rector of the predominantly Afrikaans, all-White University of Potchefstroom, and Professor Rautenbach, the Rector of the predominantly Afrikaans, all-White University of Pretoria, in the same Report, p. 63 ff. Also the witnesses from Fort Hare, both European and non-European, who testified to the Select Committee on the Fort Hare Transfer Bill (S.C. 15—'59), were unanimous in affirming that the normally constituted "mixed" Senate and Council at Fort Hare had worked perfectly satisfactorily without any of the alleged disadvantages.

At Fort Hare itself the staff are resigning. In the past three years—since the present legislation was first mooted—23 members out of a staff of less than fifty have resigned, of whom only seven were retiring for age or health reasons. Two had even offered better posts elsewhere. It is a fair assumption that the remainder have been driven away by fear of the impending change, and according to the evidence of Professor Burrows, the Principal, many more have applied for posts elsewhere. This is not surprising. In a joint letter to the *'Times'*, nineteen vice-chancellors of Universities in the United Kingdom described the proposed conditions of service as "intolerable", and Professor Olivier, representing SABRA, gave it as his opinion that under the circumstances envisaged in the Bill it would be impossible to attract people of the necessary calibre.

Nor is it only the staff that will be affected. The intention to limit Fort Hare to the Xhosa-speaking Africans and allied groups. At the moment there are only 188 of the Fingo-Xhosa-Pondo group at Fort Hare out of a total of just under 500. According to Professor Burrows, if the present rise in the rate of Xhosa matriculants is continued (and he himself fears that it may fall), it will be a hundred years before the figure of 500 is reached by the Xhosa group alone. Curiously enough, nobody on the Select Committee disputed this estimate. But whatever the accuracy or the moral of this calculation may be, it is quite clear that since Fort Hare has never refused a qualified African applicant, the application of ethnic apartheid will mean that for the immediate future the new Xhosa college will have to reduce drastically either its standards of admission or its population. In status, in constitution, in calibre of staff, in student numbers, Fort Hare was well on the way to becoming a full university.

It was also from its inception and up till the end primarily a Bantu university. And it had African confidence. All this has been destroyed by the Government in legislation the professed intention of which is to promote university education among the Bantu. This is not merely illogical. It is madly extravagant. The plan is to create *two* other universities for the Africans, another one for the Indians, and yet another for the Coloured. Think of the expense on libraries alone. Fort Hare had 25,000 volumes, which is not many. The largest universities in South Africa have each ten times that number, and there is general agreement that this is not nearly enough. The University of London, though it is next door to the British Museum, has ten times as many again. Cambridge, Oxford, Harvard, have about six million volumes each. And a library is a small expense compared to the proper equipping of laboratories. Yet the aim, according to the de Wet Nel Report, is that all five non-European institutions shall become "fully fledged universities that will take their place among the best in the world". They are all, of course, to be eventually financed by the non-Europeans themselves.

It may be added at this point that unless this improbable objective is achieved, the whole non-White population will be deprived of any chance to attend a university at all. A clause in the "Extension of University Education" Act provides for the complete closure of the existing open universities in South Africa to non-Whites. Nor will they be able to go overseas for further study, if one is to judge from the regularity with which the Government refuses passports to non-Whites who have won scholarships to universities abroad. In fact, every African parent must choose for his child between Bantu Education and his segregated ethnic university, and—nothing at all. In the light of this, the complete lack of normal constitutional safeguards for academic freedom in the proposed universities looks undeniably sinister.

The promises are for the future. The present is an educational system in which every feature—and every person involved—is from kindergarten to degree-day under the direct control of the Minister. The past is to be broken. The dissolved hopes and lost labour of men who have devoted their lives to building up institutions in which they believed may mean nothing to the Government which knows what is best, but it is difficult not to feel the pity of it. One is tempted to forget human charity

and to suppose that the intentions are wholly malevolent or sinister. There is some evidence for this. Dr. Cook, on behalf of the Department of Native Affairs, told the de Wet Nel Commission that the Department strongly supported the State institution rather than the autonomous college since "politically dissident elements must be prevented from exercising an influence". (U.G. 32—'58 p. 63). Since a university implies above all freedom of critical thought, it is difficult to see how these institutions can become fully-fledged universities equal to the best in the world. But there is worse than this. One did not expect that institutions to be run in the proposed manner would encourage criticism of authority. It has always been stated that their primary aim is to teach the African to serve his own community. A major requirement of this has always been said to be agriculture. Yet though Fort Hare has always run a small school of agriculture awarding a diploma, this has never been subsidised as a department. Not even after Schools of Agriculture had been set up at other universities with a government subsidy. Naturally Fort Hare wished its course in agriculture to be recognised for the purpose of a subsidy and also raised in status to a proper degree course. For this purpose, the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Native Affairs were approached. The Department of Agriculture refused even to send a man to inspect the farm at Fort Hare. The Department of Native Affairs turned down the proposal that there should be a full agricultural department to train for a B.Sc. degree, on the ground that it saw no reason for the training of Native agriculturalists beyond the present diploma. This was last year—the same year in which the de Wet Nel Commission was affirming that it was "the bounden duty of the State" to ensure that "the university colleges will not be of an inferior standard" to European universities.

A similar refusal was given to Fort Hare when it desired to establish a course in Pharmacy. There was testimony that pharmaceutical services were very much required in Bantu areas. The South African Pharmacy Board was strongly in favour. So was Rhodes University, which was prepared to examine for the degree. Little extra equipment would have been needed to begin the course. A reasonable number of students (15) were immediately available who wanted to take the course. In this case the reason given for the refusal was "owing to impending changes".

None of these small indications gives one confidence in the sincerity of the Government's desire to fulfill its large promises to help the African develop his own community, even granting the desirability of that as the sole aim of African education. Nevertheless one must be charitable. Let us assume that the purpose is genuine. What does it mean? What will be the distinguishing features of a Bantu University? Or rather not that, for that is too wide a concept. A Xhosa University or a Zulu University? The only difference Professor Matthews, former Acting Principal of Fort Hare, could see when this question was put to him before the Select Committee on the Fort Hare Bill was that of language, and also the possibility that anthropological research might be more localised. Dr. Cooke of the Department of Native Affairs, when asked what were the "subjects necessary in the light of the developmental requirements of the Xhosa people" which he had been speaking of, gave the astonishing answer that he had not "been in a position to make the necessary analysis". The only examples he managed to offer were Teaching, Bantu Studies, and Agriculture. When asked what was different about Xhosa agriculture, he could only answer "the climate, the economic structure, the various seasons, the transportation facilities"! Nor does the de Wet Nel Report itself help much on the cultural character that it states to be so important for a university. All it does towards clarifying the concept is to quote a vague passage from a book by Dr. Flexner to say that "universities differ in different countries . . ." and that they differ at different times too!

If neither an African anthropologist, nor a member of the Department of Native Affairs, nor the Government members of the Commission can give any precise idea of what is meant by a specifically Xhosa college, amateur speculation would seem useless. One can however form a general idea of the likely character of these institutions taken as a whole. They will form part of the same system of education as the Bantu Education Act promoted in the schools. The Government publishes for the use of these schools a monthly journal called the Bantu Education Journal. The Journal forms a vehicle for official notices, for some overt propaganda, for comment in the form of letters to the editor, and for articles on subjects such as careers.

The attitude manifested by the Journal is predominantly authoritarian. There is frequent emphasis on the need for inculcating respect and obedience. "A teacher may have no

spect for his parents, his principal, his inspector, or anybody else; he may love himself only and yet be an excellent teacher of arithmetic. Religious Instruction demands that he should have respect and honour for authority because the authority of the parents is the basis of all authority in life and the parents' authority is vested in God." (Rev. J. A. Greyling, B.E.J. Nov. 1958 p. 433). It is not surprising to find the same author, who was the supervising Inspector for Religious Instruction, saying "if a choice has to be made between a highly qualified teacher without a knowledge of God and a less qualified teacher with a knowledge of God, the latter will be of greater value in regard to the welfare of the child and the school." (*ibid.* Mar. 1958 p. 463). The same emphasis on the sanctity of authority is displayed in the regular articles on selected Chiefs (together with stress on the fact that they have "accepted Bantu Education"). The tone of the letters strikes one as often odiously sycquious, and if it were not for the general atmosphere I should suspect the man who wrote

"Under the new Bantu education our ambitions are directed towards service in our own communities—something we have never thought of ourselves! What would have happened to us if the Christian peoples of Europe did not come to South Africa? Surely we would have been exploited and suppressed to death by others . . ."

... having written with his tongue in his cheek. Letters are normally full of gratitude. Occasionally a complaint is printed. An amusing instance is a letter pointing out the impossibility of achieving satisfactory results when there is one teacher coping with two, three, or more classes in a single room. This provoked a sharp rebuke from the Editor. "... this suggestion boils down to one teacher and one classroom for each small class . . . available funds . . . Except for inconvenience there is very little wrong with more than one class per teacher in the one classroom. Many of our great men were educated in such schools . . . !" However the Editor himself seems to have received a ticking off in his turn. For the next issue (May, 1958) contains a heavy unsigned article stating that the practise is undesirable and that the number of courses taught by one teacher must be reduced to a minimum. Detailed and excellent instructions are then given on how to handle such classes if necessary. This was followed in November by strict limitations on maximum enrolments.

So some little good is done. There are also occasional articles which forsake the authoritarian approach and encourage the attitude that a teacher should be intellectually stimulating.

The series on "careers" has only recently started. The careers so far written on have been tribal secretary—which would seem to be limited to some hundred posts; school board secretaries—some four hundred posts; teachers; police. In the first two of these, the stress on opportunity was somewhat curiously counterbalanced by strong reminders of the subservient nature of the position: "It is obvious that it is not every member of a tribe that can aspire to the chieftainship, nor in fact would a member of a tribe, unless he were a member of the Chief's family and in the line of succession, ever entertain such an idea. A Chief is born". (K.A.E. Heinze, B.E.J. Feb. 1959).

Perhaps these extracts may give some idea of what the atmosphere in the Universities of Ethnasia is intended to be like. It may seem an odious atmosphere to most people in the world today, but I can understand if those who intend to try to force it find it desirable—even nostalgic.

The liberal aim in education is to create a lively and adaptable mind, one that can solve new problems and master new situations. The clichés that we use are that we "teach people to think", we look for "originality" in essays, and encourage "discussion". So at school. At higher levels it is research and invention and new ideas that we applaud. "Cramming", "facts", polymathy for its own sake is considered useless. Now consider. To whom is this sort of training useful? Principally to a ruling class, to town-dwellers who must live by their brains and their ability to adapt themselves to changing situations, to everybody in times of rapid social progress.

But none of this forms part of the background of the present ruling party in South Africa. They descend from families who left Europe well before the industrial revolution, and lived thereafter as farmers in a remarkably static community. What need then for lively and adaptable minds? But a great need for tradition and a deep respect therefore for learning. Hence their educational attitude in the question "facts versus originality" is the reverse of what it is in, say, the modern English or French tradition. It was remarkable to me to find in the Eiselen Report that it was taken for granted by the Bantu Education Commission that some group had achieved favourable history results in a

matriculation examination because history consisted of facts you would learn by heart. On reflection I can see that this may have been a fair deduction and that history is probably taught and marked that way in most South African schools. But it is quite the opposite of my own conception of history as an educational subject at school or beyond. The difference between the two attitudes will be most obvious when it comes to considering the idea of a university. For the one, a university is primarily a place for new ideas, intellectual discussion, research, and discovery. For the other, it is a place where you imbibe learning more deeply. For the one, freedom is essential. For the other, much less so.

Granted this ecology of ideas, it becomes possible to understand how the Government can simultaneously destroy a Bantu university like Fort Hare with one hand and with the other claim to be extending Bantu University Education. Despite the appalling things they have done, there is no reason to question their sincerity. In their view the encouragement of critical minds is equally appalling. Criticism of authority verges on sacrilege. If Bantu Education were a complete fraud, it would be difficult to explain the genuine enthusiasm manifest in the pages of the Bantu Education Journal. But it is not altogether fraud. It is—to a number of Nationalists—an ideal. It is even the sort of education they would like themselves. Witness the Christian National Education movement. Witness the identical bewilderment that such men as Professor Matthews and Professor Nyembezi are not militant about the status of their home languages (S.C. 15—'59 pp. 329f., 341f.). The Bantu languages are being given what Afrikaans had to fight for. Gratitude should be boundless; and if it is not, the blame must lie in the boundless malice of the liberals.

How long this generally authoritarian attitude will retain power among the Afrikaner people now that the social reasons for it are passing away, I should not like to predict. Nor whether it will be successfully transmitted to the future educated non-European. It seems to me doubtful. But I have no doubt that the attempt will be made in good faith. The Universities in Ethnasia are seriously intended. Their constitutions read like something out of early Evelyn Waugh. But when comedy comes serious it turns to tragedy.

THE POTATO HARVEST

TONY O'DOWD

PROF. Dr. Woltemade Verkeerd was the Professor of History at the University of Pondoland. He was very kind to his students. Any one of them who had a problem could always come into the little ante-room next to the Professor's study and speak to him through the flyscreen. To assist freshmen who had not yet acquired the habit of independent study, there was a notice saying "Europeans Only" in the study and another saying "Non-Europeans Only" in the ante-room.

One day, Daniel Dhlamini, the brightest student in History III, tapped respectfully on the flyscreen.

"Yes, Jim?" said the Professor.

"Baas Professor," said Daniel, "I was wondering about this business of the English coming and conquering the Cape from the Dutch. Was there some trouble between England and Holland at the time?"

"In my very first lecture in History I," said Professor Verkeerd, "I told you that the purpose of learning history is to make us love what is our own. It will not help you towards that end to study the sordid bickerings of the imperialist powers of Europe. Besides, all the books on the subject are in English or some other foreign language. You don't want to grow up to be a black Englishman, do you?"

"No, Baas Professor, but all of us, even our Great President himself, are working for the preservation of European civilisation. So I thought it might be useful to know something about Europe, where it comes from."

"So you do, my boy, so you do. Didn't we do Luther and Calvin in History II?"

"Yes, baas, but . . ."

"Look here, let me explain the whole thing to you properly."

"It is true, in a sense, that European civilisation originated in Europe. That is to say, it had its first beginnings there—the foundations were laid there. By the year 1651, those foundations had been laid. You have studied one of the most important events in the process, namely, the Reformation. After the Reformation had taken place, the potentiality of a great civilisation was there. But unhappily, the Devil is ever on the watch to destroy what is well and piously built. When the Devil saw what was being born in Europe, he mustered all his

forces against it. He put the forces of sickly liberalism to work. He blew on the dying embers of popery and fanned them into flame again. He sowed the seeds of atheism and bolshevism. He tempted the peoples of Europe with the glittering prizes of autocratic imperialism.

"And the Lord looked down and saw that the Devil's work was being only too thoroughly done. Like the people of Sodom and Gomorrah, the peoples of Europe turned their backs upon righteousness. It was clear that the budding civilisation of Europe was doomed never to flower. So the Lord spoke to his servant, Jan van Riebeeck, and commanded him to seek out such righteous men as were left in Europe and take them to the Cape, where European civilisation could make a fresh start and realise all its wonderful possibilities.

"So it happened that, from 1652 onwards, South Africa became the only true home of European civilisation. Since then, Europe has been the most insidious enemy of that civilisation. To recognise Russia and India for what they are is easy. But the simple-minded can easily be taken in by British imperialism, French mongrel anarchy, Italian popery, American atheistic autocracy, masquerading under the banner of the thing which they are trying to destroy."

"But, baas, wasn't America also colonised about the same . . ."

"Indeed it was. When the Devil saw that European civilisation was being taken across the seas to Africa, to grow and reach perfection there, he started a rival migration to America, in order to confuse men's minds. In a desperate effort to lure men away from the southerly path of righteousness, he showered the gifts of Mammon on those who went to America instead. He even snatched away some of the children of Africa, who might otherwise have known the blessings of European civilisation, and sent them to be turned into black Americans."

"But, baas, if all the people in Europe since 1652 have been wicked, what about our Great Pres. . ."

"You have not been paying proper attention. I did not say that all the people in Europe since 1652 have been wicked. That would be nonsensical. Throughout the centuries, there have arisen, every now and then, righteous men in Europe who have come out here to join us in our glorious task. Our Great President is the most famous example of this. But, of course, we have also had the Devil's fifth column coming here from Europe. We have had the missionaries of Rome, the

hirelings of Moscow, the paid assassins of . . .”

“Well, baas, since it is our duty to fight against all these people, shouldn’t we study the history of Europe in order to know what to expect from them? Now, this book I have here has taught me a lot about . . .”

Daniel clapped his hand over his mouth in horror at what he had just said. The Professor stood up from his desk.

“What is that book, Jim?”

“No, baas, it’s only the baas’s book, baas. I was going to say that I had learned . . .”

“Give it to me.”

The book had a brown paper cover, and on the cover was written, “Die Konsentrasiekampe in die Tweede Vryheidsoorlog, deur W. Verkeerd”. But a man like Professor Verkeerd is not taken in as easily as that. He opened it, and, sure enough, it was Carlyle’s “*French Revolution*.”

“It is a great pity, Jim,” said the Professor, “that the Bantu, in spite of all our efforts, are incapable of learning honesty or truthfulness. I see now that you came to me, not in a spirit of humble and honest inquiry, but in the hope of catching me out. No doubt you hoped that I would give you an account of those goings-on in France, and that you would be able to detect some discrepancy between my account and that which you have read in this meretricious volume. Then you would have gone back to your friends and sniggered with them over your supposed triumph. Oh, don’t worry, I know the native mind. But your little scheme was foolish as well as wicked. I am not to be caught in such infantile traps.

“Fortunately for you, I am a merciful man, and I realise that your defects of character are the defects of your race, which you cannot help. Therefore you will not be punished. You will merely spend a little time in an environment which will be more healthy for you.”

He pressed a bell on his desk. Sergeant van Donder, head of the Special Branch at the University, answered the bell.

“Sergeant, you will first report yourself to your superiors for negligently allowing this book onto the premises. Secondly, Jim, here, has kindly offered to help me out with the potato harvest on my farm. He will sign a contract for six months. You will find contract forms in the Registrar’s office. That will be all.”

“Yes, sir,” said the sergeant. “Come on, boy.”

THE REPLY OF MAKERERE

BERNARD DE BUNSEN

Principal of Makerere, the University College of East Africa.

THE green hill of Makerere just outside Kampala, Uganda's largest town, has been a scene of higher education ever since the early nineteen twenties the Uganda government started courses in post-school training for Africans. There were trade courses, long since removed to a separate institution; there were also medical and veterinary courses, a course for intending teachers, and courses in general education which were the beginnings from which the Makerere of to-day was to grow. Even in those early days there were men who foresaw that one day Makerere would become a university institution for all the East African countries. In 1931 Dr. Julian Huxley boldly prophesied in his "Africa View" that this might be accomplished in fifty years. In fact it took two university commissions from England only eighteen years to accomplish this goal, and in 1949 Makerere College attained university status through admission into Special Relation with the University of London and full membership of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth. Already in the nineteen thirties students were coming from Kenya, Tanganyika and Zanzibar as well as from Uganda, and the College had acquired its own autonomous governing Council and Academic Board. Above all, academic standards had been substantially raised and the stage was set.

Since admission to the university world as the University College of East Africa, the College has made strides. The East African governments at once quadrupled their previous contributions towards recurrent expenditure (this year running at some £650,000). Through the Colonial Development and Welfare Act the British Government immediately awarded us one million pounds towards a large-scale building programme, to which they have recently added a further million pounds, and Dr. J. T. Williamson of Tanganyika presented us with our new Physics building. New halls of residence for men and women, new laboratories, new buildings for Arts and Science, for Medicine, Agriculture, Veterinary Science, Education and the School of Fine Arts have been occupied, and a spacious university Library has just been opened by Her Majesty the Queen Mother.

Instead of the two hundred students and thirty members of staff in 1949, we are about to open our new session with 900 undergraduates and a full-time teaching and research staff of 140. By 1960 we may have some 1000 students.

Our aim is to provide qualified students with university conditions and standards in East Africa that compare worthily with those in Britain. Academically, students in our Faculties of Arts and Science work for the B.A. (both Honours and General), the B.Sc. Econ., the B.Sc., and the B.Sc. Agric. of the University of London. In Medicine our own College Licentiatehip has now attained the recognition of the General Medical Council and is therefore a registrable qualification in the United Kingdom. At the same time, under the scheme of Special Relation with the University of London, we are able to take part as recognized examiners in introducing elements in our syllabuses which are of particular relevance to the interests of East Africa—a stimulus to the research work in which our staff is actively engaged. Needless to say an immense amount lies ahead of us in widening the scope of our courses and in research. If we succeed in laying a true foundation in standards in this generation, we may confidently look forward to the university of 2,000 students which we ultimately visualize on Makerere hill, and to the responsibilities of awarding our own degrees.

Makerere was founded and grew up to serve the needs of Africans, and it was the performance and promise of its African students that helped to give the College its place among the university institutions of the Commonwealth. As befits any university in the Western tradition, our doors are now open to all races without restriction or quota. In America "white" colleges have welcomed in Negroes; at Makerere, on the other hand, Africans have welcomed Europeans and Asians. Of the 900 students in residence this coming session, we shall have 8 Europeans and some 60 Asians and Goans as well as Arabs from Zanzibar and representatives of some 60 different African peoples sharing a common university life in common halls of residence. How far or how fast this widening of our society will go it is impossible at this stage to foresee; we can only claim that a start has been made and our society is the richer for it. From the beginning our African students warmly welcomed this policy. I believe that they rightly saw that their College could not be regarded as a university in the full sense if it excluded people on account of race, and they welcomed

the stimulus of a society drawn from more varied backgrounds and containing more varied viewpoints and experience. So much for the younger generation. A few of their elders, both African and European, were a little worried by the proposal, wondering whether it might lead to the swamping out of Africans by Asians and Europeans, who could equally pay for themselves overseas. These initial fears—now quite forgotten—were to some extent allayed by the confidence of the students themselves, especially when attention was drawn to the Cambridge School Certificate results, which showed that the African Secondary Schools were more than holding their own with the African and European schools. We have never set out on a big campaign to urge the other races to come. Those that have joined us have done so both at under-graduate and post-graduate levels for the sound reason that we provided what they needed—good enough reason to believe that others will follow.

The residential pattern of life here is already established—a pattern broadly modelled on that of a British residential university. There can and should be no question of separate Halls of Residence for separate races here, whether or not this would tend to increase the number of our non-African students. Nor need has the issue ever been publicly raised or become an issue of controversy in East Africa. The newly established Royal Technical College in Nairobi, for instance, built its hostels on the “open” principle from the start.

Our experience of the common life is still, of course, limited and short, but I believe it has been a satisfactory one both for the majority and the minorities. On the side of human relations—the main factor—the evidence is altogether happy. In almost every case we have been fortunate in our first European and Asian students; they have neither pushed themselves forward nor held themselves back. Nor have African students treated them as special cases.

In introducing Asians and Europeans to our already varied African student body, the only real problem we have met with has been the question of diet. There are two sides to the problem. Firstly, though you may have (as we have found) one or two Europeans prepared to experiment with a more African-based diet for the sake of the adventure and the common cause, you cannot disturb your digestion for your ideals. Secondly, African students have a sensitiveness to community, in the same way as they want Europeans and Asians to share

in the common life of the Halls, they want to avoid separate diets with the danger of separate tables in the dining halls. The solution of a cafeteria system did not commend itself to any of us, since at any rate dinner was already established as a formal meal taken in academic dress, beginning with a grace and presided over by the Warden and members of the High Table—one of those English collegiate practices that our students appreciate. The solution to which we have therefore moved in stages and which is now in full operation is a common diet for all (with alternatives for vegetarians only) based on simple English diet and style of cooking. To many Africans this has meant a sacrifice, especially in bulk, of what they were used to (though even then it was impossible to cater for the immense variety of sixty tribal diets), but they willingly agreed and are finding a taste for the more balanced food, cooked in a greater variety of ways. I would not yet claim universal satisfaction—what College in Africa or England ever can?—but I am sure that this is the only possible and right solution.

I do not believe any other real problem exists. We have showers, not baths, except in our one women's Hall. One day we may add some hot baths—perhaps to the disgust of our African students who, like Americans, believe that the European bathing habit is unhygienic. They will not convert me, nor my fellow Europeans, though after all they may be right.

What of the rest of our life outside the lecture room, the library and the laboratories? It is very much like that of an English college. There are voluntary societies and clubs in plenty, athletic, social, cultural and political; there are dances; there are chapels, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, and a Mosque; there is talk in students' rooms until the early hours and there is talk and meals with tutors in their homes. I should say we still lack enough hilarity, and I am awaiting anxiously for the College's leg to be pulled. I hope and believe, however, that we are growing in something of the maturity that comes from university standards and a university way of life, and the fact that we passed through recent political tensions in Kenya and Uganda quite unruffled and undisturbed can give us good hope for the future.

THE TREASON TRIAL—FOREVER?

FREDA TROUP

is now more than two and a half years since 156 people from over South Africa were dramatically arrested at dawn and taken by military aircraft and police vehicles to detention in Johannesburg, there to face a tediously sensational trial on charges of high treason.

In that time there have been starts and stops and starts to proceedings in confusing proliferation; there have been adjournments, discharges, quashings, recusal, attempts at appeal; there have been volumes of evidence, months of legal argument, four indictments, uncounted amendments, an interwoven refrain of demands for further particulars; and still, at the time of writing, the trial has not yet begun—in the sense that any of the accused has yet pleaded.

It would not be surprising if only the accused and the lawyers of the case managed to keep any track at all of what is going on; in fact, it would be a wonder if many of the accused were to know what is happening to them, simple folk as some of them are, living in remote areas and without the price of a daily newspaper to help them follow developments. It is certainly not surprising that the reaction of the general public swings between: 'Treason trial! Is *that* still on?' and the fatalistic acceptance that treason trials, like the poor, are now always with us.

The management of the treason trial has been heavily criticised both in South Africa and abroad. The correctness of judicial proceedings, of course, has, it is widely agreed, been above question. It is the shifting vagueness of the Crown that has come under fire: the gargantuan mass of undigested material, documents, speeches, witnesses' evidence which was brought—hope, apparently, springing eternal in the Prosecution that the slow mills of judicial proceedings would grind all into a valid, acceptable case; the dragging in, very obvious in the course of the preparatory examination, of all sorts of afterthoughts—'Cheesa-Cheesa' letters, Mau-Mau, and the Evaton bus boycott—which were not mentioned in the earlier stages; three bits of new legislation which palpably affect the trial and make the defence task more difficult. In the event, however, the mills of the Court have ground so small that the mass of Crown material has been whittled to a fraction of its original volume (though it remains large enough in all conscience), while all four much-

amended indictments (framed with the indirect assistance of Defence and Court) have remained without the particular necessary to make them acceptable. Both of the original alternative charges under the Suppression of Communism Act have had to be jettisoned.

The Defence has deliberately concentrated on this aspect of the case, giving perhaps the impression that the actual trial is being indefinitely postponed: but this is not from any lawyer's passion to win victory by scoring technical points, but because in the formless welter of allegations against the accused, it would have been impossible to defend them; or, if defence had been attempted, the case would have gone on forever. Now the Crown is compelled to some precision; it must tell the accused precisely with what each is charged. When the accused come to plead, as a result of these long preliminary months of tussle they will know exactly what evidence the Crown relies upon in the case against each one of them, and they can prepare to defend themselves accordingly.

That the case should have taken this course could hardly have occurred to the instigators of the mass arrests. The dawn action, the secrecy, the atmosphere of urgency, incarceration, the early attempts in the Fort, in Johannesburg, to isolate the prisoners from friends, the initial refusal of bail, might have been expected to create a climate of drama, suspense, danger, in which, presumably, a shocked and frightened public was expected to thank a strong, alert government for a timely averting of incipient bloody revolution.

But the day the news of the arrests broke, counter-action began. The authorities were not to foresee that a distinguished albeit small, group of bishops, retired judges, trade unionists, experts in race-relations, all well-known at home and abroad, basing their action on the principle that a person is innocent until he is proved guilty, would mobilise South African and overseas public opinion in sufficient strength to form a Fund for the defence of the accused and the assistance of their families. Within two weeks, all 156 accused were released on bail of surprisingly small sums for so dire a crime as high treason, though with onerous limitations on movement and participation in meetings; while the case made world head-lines (which continues to do with increasingly hostile comment) and the unimpeachable names of the sponsors of the Fund ensured a steady flow of money from all over South Africa and from f-

ond its borders.

The accused were arrested after two or three years of intense Special Branch (political police) activity, widespread and discriminate raids on offices and homes, industrious note-taking at meetings, and dark ministerial forebodings repeatedly expressed in Parliament. They appeared in a preparatory examination before a magistrate, in a specially furnished courtroom in the Drill Hall in Johannesburg.

The Drill Hall proceedings, were it not that treason is a capital offence, would have possessed a strong element of farce. There was the fantastic cage which enclosed the accused on the last day and which was promptly removed after angry protests from the Defence. This was succeeded by a clubby cosiness: book-chairs, correspondence course lectures, cross-words, and chatting through the sessions; and in adjournments, darts, vernising across court-room and colour bar, choir practice and poker.

The extraordinary mountain of evidence accumulated in the course of raids included, it will be remembered, such newsworthy items as a dragon-embroidered dressing-gown, a book of Russian recipes, labels (appropriated at meetings) reading "soup-with-meat" and "soup-without-meat", a schoolboy's essay on "The Congress of Vienna, 1815". Statistics gleaned by various reporters showed the Crown evidence totalled 2½ million words and that 10,000 documents were submitted in support of its case; written evidence and argument filled 8,000 pages, or as much as would be required by 33 novels. An enthusiast even computed that to listen to the recorded evidence would take 35 hours—the equivalent of 15 full-length films.

Be that all as it may, a motley battalion of detectives gave evidence, many from illiterate notes. One, alleging an accused man had urged, "We must shoot Malan", agreed under cross-examination that the word he had actually noted, SHEK, was more likely to stand for *check* than *shoot*. Among the more sensational witnesses were a white expert on Mau-Mau and Communism from Kenya, who could not name a single book which an aspirant Marxist might study; an African, Magubasi, a self-confessed liar and cheat" whom the police brought to the evidence from Kimberley where, it transpired, he awaited trial on charges of fraud; Professor Murray, Crown expert on Communism, who admitted words of his own took a place, on the stand he applied, beside those of Lincoln, Heine and Shelley as

'communistic'. There was the sensation of the Cheesa Cheesa letters, instigation to arson, which the Prosecution attempted to link with the typewriter of one of the accused. What Mr. V. C. Berrangé, for the Defence, described as "a foul a conspiracy as ever disgraced our courts." These took up days and days of argument and cross-examination, but it was significant that all of this was dropped with much else by the Prosecution and now has no part in the trial.

Mr. O. Pirow, Q.C., appearing for the first time to conclude this stage of the Crown case, maintained that there was a dangerous Communist conspiracy to overthrow the State and replace it by a Communist Peoples' Republic. The Crown case, he said, was based on the Freedom Charter,† which was a theory for the future but something to be translated into "actual practical politics in our time", and he asserted that in speeches of the accused their ostensible—or rather, ostentatious—reference to non-violence tended, in fact, to incite violence.

Mr. Berrangé, for the Defence, maintained that the extra-parliamentary and non-constitutional methods advocated by the accused had not been proved unlawful; indeed, Crown witnesses stressed that speakers at Congress meetings repudiated racial hatred. Referring to the Congress of the People, at which the Freedom Charter was adopted, Mr. Berrangé, putting what was probably the crux of the case, said, "Never before in the history of civilized states has it been treated as treason to draw up and adopt in a peaceful gathering a statement of this nature . . . If every concrete proposition in the Freedom Charter were adopted, it would do no more than bring the state of the Constitution and the law into line with most Western European countries . . . If its adoption is held to constitute treason it will mean that the most rigid thought control in the world will have been enshrined in our law."

The Drill Hall inquiry, with adjournments, took just over a year, and at the end of it 65 of the accused were discharged with no case against them (and no compensation for the 13 months' disruption of their lives). The remaining 91 were committed for trial on a charge of high treason, with two alternative charges under the Suppression of Communism Act.

Months of preparation followed. A team of eight counsel was briefed for the Defence, headed by Mr. I. Maisels, Q.C., an advocate with a considerable reputation both within and outside

† See 'Africa South', Vol. I, No. 3.

with Africa.

The trial began on 1 August, 1958, before a Special Court of three judges appointed by the Minister of Justice (who had to authorise this procedure by retrospective legislation), in Pretoria's "Old Synagogue", converted into a Court for the purpose. It opened dramatically with the Defence attacking the composition of the Court and asking two of the three judges to excuse themselves: Mr. Justice Rumpff (presiding) because the Minister of Justice had said in Parliament that he had consulted Rumpff in the appointment of his colleagues; and Mr. Justice Ludorf because he had, in 1954, while still an advocate, acted for the Minister in a case in which some of the treason trial evidence was used. These factors had created a reasonable fear in the minds of the accused that they would not get a fair trial. Mr. Justice Ludorf withdrew from the case and was replaced by Judge Bekker, while Mr. Justice Rumpff, denying that he had in fact been consulted in the appointments, declined to withdraw. Once more the case opened, again with surprise tactics. Mr. Maisels, in a 9½ hour attack on the indictment, applied for it to be quashed—on the grounds that the charge did not disclose any offence, that not enough detail was given to enable the accused to know what case they would have to meet, and that the 91 accused were wrongly joined together in one trial. He said the Crown's attitude appeared to have been, "let's throw in everything the police have been able to find and see what comes out at the end." The accused seemed expected to read the whole preparatory examination record (40 volumes of 600 pages) and all the exhibits (nearly 1,000 documents). He pointed out that the photostat copies, piled up, reached a height of 17½ feet. The exuberant use of the words "and/or" in the indictment meant, on an actuarial calculation he had had done, that each accused faced 498,015 charges in all. On the basis of the Crown's indictment, the case could go on for years. Mr. A. Fischer, Q.C., made a similar attack on the alternative charges under the Suppression of Communism Act. Argument together lasted for 10 days. The Court quashed one of the 10 alternative charges and ordered the Crown to supply the Defence with a large number of further particulars. After the month allowed to the Crown in which to supply the particulars ordered, the Prosecution withdrew the second alternative charge and Mr. Pirow announced that they would rely only on "conspiracy" in the remaining charge of treason.

"If the Crown fails to prove a conspiracy then all the accused go free." The Defence maintained that the indictment was still inadequate and that there was still misjoinder. Mr. Trengrove, for the Crown, had barely begun a defence of the offending indictment, when Mr. Pirow, on behalf of the Attorney-General, abruptly withdrew the entire indictment. The Court adjourned. These events lasted, with lengthy adjournments, from 1 August to 13 October, 1958.

After a month of uncertainty and rumour, the accused were reindicted in two separate groups. The trial of the first group of 30 began before the same Court in Pretoria on 19 January 1959. This new indictment was in general similar to what was left of the earlier one after quashing, withdrawal and amendments; though the number of the accused was reduced, were the number of documents and the number of meetings very considerably, and the period shortened from 1952—54 to 1954—56. Apparently accepting the Defence contention that violence is an essential element of treason, the Crown put more stress than previously on the element of violence in the case. There were no alternative charges.

The Defence again opened with an attack—this time on the venue, applying for the trial to be conducted in Johannesburg where all the accused (as well as all defence counsel) lived or lodged. It was argued that the 6 hours, at least, spent in daily travel was a very great hardship, still further reducing the hours of employment open to the accused and making consultation most difficult to arrange. The accused were in consequence prejudiced. Mr. Pirow, citing disturbances which occurred in Johannesburg in the early days of the preparatory examination opposed the application, arguing that the large cities "are nothing short of dynamite", a view accepted by the judges who did not allow the change.

The Defence made their now routine attack on the indictment and on the Crown's obstinate reluctance to reveal its case. Their arguments were similar to earlier contentions—that the indictment was inadequate, that there was insufficient particularity, and that there was nothing to support the allegations of violence. "If there is no case which the Crown can present to the accused and to the Court in an intelligible form, then there is no case at all . . . It is *vital* for the Defence to know from where or what the Crown infers violence. The task cannot be evaded even if it can be postponed, and in fairness to the accused it should *not* be

stponed."

The Court, after 10 days of argument, refused to quash this second indictment, but again ordered the Crown to supply still further particulars, especially those relating to allegations that the policy of various organisations was violence against the State. The Defence was allowed to refer certain questions of law to the Appeal Court; in particular, whether words can constitute an overt act of treason (is it treason to wage war against the State internally by means of meetings, speeches and writing?), and whether the accused are correctly joined in the indictment. Argument began in the Appeal Court, in Bloemfontein, on 15 June. The Appeal Judges accepted the Crown's argument that the Court could not hear an appeal before the end of the trial and the matter was struck off the Roll.

In the meantime, the remaining 61 accused had been further divided into two groups of 30 and 31 and separately charged in two new indictments (the third and fourth) which differed from each other and the previous one mainly in the dates which they covered. All appeared before the same Special Court on 20 April. The Crown, on this occasion, clearly expected an immediate postponement until after the hearing of the appeal in the first case, and had provided mere skeleton indictments without the particulars which the Court had previously and repeatedly ordered. The Defence made the strongest possible objection, arguing as before that the indictments were so defective that it was not possible for the accused to prepare their case and that by now the Crown should have realised what details were essential to the charge. The Court, agreeing that they should not have been served in that form, quashed both indictments.

The legal position of the accused at the present time is that the first case against the 30 is adjourned until 3 August, while the 31 are in the position they were in at the end of the preparatory examination 18 months ago, awaiting yet other indictments or formal discharge.

As for their personal situations: there can be nothing but admiration for the resilience, the solidarity and the courage of these people on trial for their lives, in the struggle to retain their jobs, maintain their families and surmount the increasing obstacles and frustrations that come their way as the trial drags on and as legislation makes life generally more restricted. Meanwhile, the public is becoming increasingly aware of the intentions and implications of these long drawn-out proceedings.

OTHER GRIM FAIRY TALES

E. V. STONE



ENTLEFLIES,” said the Chairfly
 “the time has come when we
 must protest against the misuse by
 humankind of the word ‘filth’.
 It is perhaps unfortunate that the
 word was ever coined, but it was
 thought at first that it might re-
 move the odium conjured up by
 the word ‘pollution’. The male-
 cious campaign launched by ill-
 disposed and ill-informed people
 with their usual retinue of priests
 and professors, is not aimed at the

removal of disease among the human race but is a personal
 vendetta against flykind, their homes and their traditions.”

A general buzz of indignation was followed by a suggestion
 from a learned member that perhaps flies might be healthier
 if they found somewhere else to bring up their young. This
 preposterous idea was rightly hooted down with scorn, and the
 author was roughly flyhandled before order was restored.

“You see, gentleflies, that this infamous propaganda for
 cleanliness has infected even our own squadrons. I might indeed
 ask, with the poet,

‘Breathes there a fly with soul so dead


Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native slime?’

but I should have to answer regretfully, ‘Yes, there is such a fly’.

However, upon the Chairfly making a final rallying call for all
 who were in support of the True Patriotism to raise their
 probosces, the meeting was found to be behind him to a fly.



ONG ago in the heyday of the kings, when monarchs were rash enough to ask for advice and sometimes to follow it, there was a king in the State of Neurasthenia who sought the aid of his philosophers and soothsayers to counsel him as to the government of his realm.

He summoned to the Presence the first of these worthy men and put the problem before him, as to how it would be possible to govern a nation of whom some members were left-handed and some right-, without there being endless quarrelling. The answer to this tremendous poser immediately appeared quite simple, for this noble courtier produced from beneath his cloak a document he had drawn up with great care. With close logic he pointed out that right-handed people were in an overwhelming majority, and as a compensation therefore to the left-handed ones, the land should be divided up so that 80 per cent of the land, 95 per cent of the mineral wealth and 100 per cent of the armaments were in the hands of the left-handed. Thus would the balance be maintained, and the ideal of "Separate but Equal" would be achieved to the lasting benefit of all concerned. With a triumphant flourish, the author drew on his left glove and put his name to the document.

The king, much impressed, hardly thought it worth while to consult any of the other advisers, but being a kindly man he relented and called for the next man. With great eloquence this honest man discoursed to his liege about Justice. Equality such as his predecessor had advocated was all very well, but where was the justice after all, if there were no justice? And yet it had to be admitted that some people were unfortunate enough to be right-handed and that the left-handed were in a minority; if each individual were to have the same rights, then the right-handed would have many more rights than the other. How to solve the difficulty then? Rights must be evened out so that there was justice for all. "Discrimination with Justice, Your Majesty; that is the only solution for our unique problem."

The king this sounded rather similar to the plan of the famous savant, so the second man laboured a while longer to bring home the subtle differences which made his plan far superior. Shaking his head a little, for he was a trifle dim, the monarch waved the man from the room. He was rather sorry that he had decided to go further than the first man who had made everything so clear, but in a moment of absent mindedness

he signalled for the third man to enter.

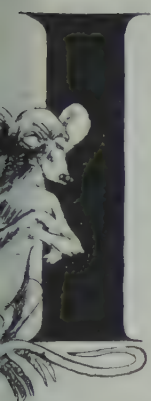
The king was now still more sorry, for the third man led about liberty, equality and fraternity. "Damn it," said the king, a trifle exasperated, "I mustn't split the vote." And he didn't.



THOSE who are uninstructed might suppose that when the games are put away in the toy-cupboard, they stay there quietly until the next evening. But those who know, could tell you a lot about what happens when the clock strikes twelve . . .

It was the double-blank among the dominoes which started the argument. "Here we are all together in a box," he said affably, "and we're all almost wholly black." "Nonsense," said the double-six, "There is room in the box for black dominoes like you and for white dominoes like me."

The other dominoes seemed a trifle puzzled by this, but perhaps dominoes aren't very intelligent.



IN days of yore there lived a little girl called Schismarella, and although she was the prettiest damsel that ever you did see, she was also the unhappiest. Now this was a very strange thing for she had always three square meals a day, even if dog biscuits did get somewhat monotonous after a while. In addition to that she lived in complete security, as there was never the slightest fear of unemployment—her two ugly sisters saw to that, for although they appeared to be ugly yet they had hearts of gold. Knowing that their younger sister would be terribly disappointed if ever she saw other folk lived, they guarded her carefully from such pain. One day, however, their benevolence was frustrated when a Fairy Godmother arrived one evening—an evening too, when they had gone out of their way to spare Schismarella the heartache of catching a glance of the Prince's Ball. The Fairy Godmother appeared in dazzling glory wonderful to behold, and Schismarella was swept off her feet. So deeply was she affected by this beautiful apparition that she lost her reason and sense of gratitude, accepting the fairy's offer to send her to the

By a wave of the wand and four white mice, a pumpkin and two footmen were transformed into a coach-and-four and two footmen in shining liveries; another wave of the wand and Schismarella was clothed in the rarest satins and crystal slippers. A final warning came from her new guardian that she must be back before midnight, and off trotted the magnificent steeds with their precious load.

Schismarella never dreamed she could be so happy and never thought for one moment that she was being cruelly deceived.

The Prince actually asked her to dance with him and she nearly swooned in his arms for sheer joy. Then a glance at the clock told her with horror, and remembering the warning she had received, she fled as one possessed. Even as she reached the door the clock began to strike, and in her haste one of her crystal slippers fell off. She did not wait to retrieve it, but fled clothed only in her rags and tatters.

The next day the sisters were furious, as they had every right to be, for they had learned of the night's happenings from one of the rats that they kept about the place for just such a purpose—

for Schismarella's good, of course. Quivering with indignation at the girl's ingratitude, they pointed out the wickedness of the Fairy Godmother.

Schismarella saw the wisdom of what they said; and when the Prince arrived later, trying to trace the owner of the slipper, she very properly refused his offer of marriage, saying that her sisters were going to give her a little house all of her own, and in about 80 years time even give her the title-deeds. There she would be free from interfering Fairy Godmothers and Prince and would be queen of all she surveyed.



THE QUESTION OF YOUR REMOVAL

JENNY JOSEPH

an English poet and journalist who was ordered to leave South Africa while teaching at the Central Indian High School in Johannesburg

I HAVE had plenty of time to think over the Under-Secretary's words since the day I walked up through the beautiful deserted streets of the Union Buildings in Pretoria.

I had reached Pretoria early so as to have plenty of time to gain access to the Minister, but it was already hot by ten and the busy gardeners working isolated among the flowers high above the trees reminded me a little of Italy.

I had two days left in which to "make representations" to the Minister of the Interior showing good cause why I should not be expelled from the Union.

A week before, I had been called out of a class of sixty lively Indian children—who were doing their effective best to sabotage my attempts at conveying the values of the English language— to sign for a registered letter. O.H.M.S. and a Pretoria postmark led me to believe it was a tax demand. I had been teaching three weeks at the school. Had they caught up so soon with the first £26 I had earned for months? I put it in my pocket until break.

But it was not money 'they' had caught up with. It was me. "Madam,

1. I am directed to inform you that the Honourable the Minister of the Interior is considering the question of your removal from the Union in terms of section 22(3) of the Immigrants' Regulation Act No. 22 of 1913, as amended, and to enquire whether you desire to make any written representations in this connection for submission to, and consideration by, the Honourable the Minister.

2. Any representations you may wish to make must reach this Department within fourteen days of the date of this letter.

3. Section 22(3) of Act No. 22 of 1913 reads as follows:—
'Notwithstanding anything contained in this Act or the Immigrants Act, 1937 (Act No. 1 of 1937) or any other law, the Minister may if he considers it to be in the public interest, by warrant under his hand, order the removal from the Union of any person who is not a South African citizen, and thereupon such person may, pending his removal, be detained in such custody

as may be prescribed by regulation.' ”

The letter was dated 30th January and had taken five days to arrive, so that I had ten days left, until Friday, 13th.

I will not now go into the discussions, visits to lawyers, counting of money; the advice, the packings, unpackings; the anxiety, protection and support of friends; the celebration of decisions made, the secrecy, the rashness, the fiery words, the gloom, the excitement, the terrible tiredness; the cancellation of visits that might incriminate friends, the care taken in baggy yards; the thickening fog and enormous use of shoe leather and horrible hot telephone boxes that the days following this communication brought on.

Suffice it to say that—swinging between a sort of Scarlet Pimpernel world where plans to creep back over the Limpopo, great, grey, green, greasy as it was, and live underground Johannesburg with a different name, were my furniture; and the other world where the conviction I had done nothing wrong, even under South African law, supported my incapacity to believe that anyone could possibly bother with me—I had had by February 11th no reply to my pleas for some information on which to base representations.

On Friday ‘they’, in the form of their police, might come in the middle of the night, for after the 14 days the Minister had no power to imprison me. I grasped eagerly at the suggestion that I should go and see the Minister myself. So I arrived in Pretoria, where all the statues seemed to have top hats and bodies much too big for their legs, once again in high hope that now I should find out, now I should know enough to decide what to do.

The vast phoney palazzo of the Union Buildings was empty. I walked down big red stone corridors and came across a charming doorman. Could I possibly see the Minister of the Interior, I asked. He, of course, was in Cape Town. Now I realized why the place seemed so like a winter sports resort in summer. Parliament was sitting, and in the Cape. Obviously the Honourable the Minister would be far too involved in protecting the future of civilization to be thinking about me. What was I to do, the doorman asked kindly. Could I perhaps see the Secretary? The letter was from him. He was in Cape Town with the Minister. Could he know what it was about, perhaps some one else could help? I showed him my “document”. It was by now well-worn with much showing and re-reading. I

ame even kindlier and directed me to an Under-Secretary. In his door there was a notice telling callers to go to the Interview Officer. Determined to do everything right I asked a red-faced man in a grey suit, who was the only soul in the office, where to find that officer. This man was the Under-Secretary, and I followed him into his office.

Foolish I had been to think he would understand the human need to know something about my position, or that he would be able to reassure me even by a smile that I was still among people where a charitable human response can be looked for. All he could say was that he couldn't say. He at least admitted the letters had been received. "What is the usual procedure?" I pursued, my winsomeness evaporated, but determined to keep my temper. "Does the Minister usually answer such requests for information? Will he, do you think, at least write and say he won't give me any?" "I can't say." "Have there ever been cases where he has given information?" "I can't say." I tried another tack.

"I'm sure you will agree with me that it is not unreasonable to suggest that one needs to base a representation *on* something?" "It's not for me to say." "I know it's not for you to tell me what the Minister has decided, but what ought I to do? Is it really, for instance, that the day after to-morrow a big lorry will come in the middle of the night and fetch me?" I had not said this completely seriously, but he answered solemnly, "That can happen too."

Reason, politeness, abasement, firmness, an attempt at charm, had failed. When he suggested I should write to the Minister telling him what I had already twice written, I felt I had really got to some book by Kafka. My helplessness was quite genuine. My tears of impotent self-pity very near the surface when I finally asked him, "What shall I do?"

His offer of comfort was: "Perhaps if you search your conscience you will find some reason for it."

Exploding inside I thanked him profusely, courteously and ironically. I went outside to one of the thick stone balustrades and collapsed onto it in a flood of defeated rage. The Voorwerker Monument shimmered in the heat of the horizon. Nothing in the scene reminded me of Italy now. After some time I walked slowly down through the trees. At the bottom I looked up. I spat twice at the great pile above the cannon, a thing I have never managed to do before in my life. And as

I waited for the bus I gradually recovered from the empty despair that had overcome me in the gardens. Suddenly there bright like a steady bunsen burner which has a regular supply of the right fuel, was a fierce and clear determination, based neither on self-pity nor anything personal, that I would not give in. I might well be beaten; I know the strength of outside powers and that I am not particularly well-equipped to fight; and I was beginning to know much more about this particular enemy, the great fogging power of a tyranny. I might well be beaten but I would not now give in . . .

I accepted the offer of hospitality and a lift to Rhodesia from a friend whom I met at a wedding three weeks later; and I did so because I hoped I would be able to do some work there both to get some money and to go on with a book that had to be done with publishers in London in May. My life in Johannesburg was becoming farcical. I had said I would not give in to blackmail—and I felt I had to cut myself off from many friends for their sake, or at least give them the option of doing so. I had said I would not let myself be affected by the fearful suspicion that cloaks so much of all that one does in South Africa, that I would not base my thoughts and judgements on rumour and aspersion, and there I was listening to hints that perhaps so and so, who had suddenly got a permit after long denials, had said something that an acquaintance had always suspected that one of my acquaintances was a police informer: had I considered the possibility of . . . and perhaps I better look into . . .

No, no, no, I said. A hundred betrayals rather than suspect everyone. I had never made any secret of my opinions, my friends, my way of life. I had done nothing wrong, and I was not going to become part of that great sponge on which a corrupt police state depends—the network of suspicious and fearful minds, blackmailed and blackmailing, that is much more sickening really than the laws and methods that bring it into being. This aspect of the situation in South Africa had always interested me—the great damage people do to themselves because of what is done to them, the second rung of the ladder, the depressing and inevitable result of bad laws, that they make bad men. What the Honourable the Ministers—and the diplomatically clever system they are based on—were doing was bad enough. I did not want to co-operate with them in the attack on morality, as so many less fortunate people than I have had to do.

A State of Emergency was declared in Southern Rhodesia the day after I arrived in Salisbury, but that is another story. (I listened at the time to reassure those of my friends who might be beginning to believe with the Minister that I was of any use in revolutionary circumstances, that it really had nothing to do with me.) And it was in Salisbury that I heard that if ever I tried to re-enter the Union I should be refused admission.

"The Honourable the Minister of the Interior has after due consideration of all the circumstances, deemed Miss Joseph to be unsuited to the requirements of the Union on economic grounds or on account of standard or habits of life, in terms of the powers vested in him by Section 4(1) (a) of Act No. 22 of 1913 as amended", the Secretary for the Interior wrote.

There has been a certain amount of Sunday newspaper publicity stressing my personal predicament and saying nothing of what I really think. The line we took was "bolt from the blue" innocent unsuspecting young woman." It is extremely difficult to answer when people, especially those who do not know the Union, ask "But what did you *do*?" since it is perfectly true that I never have taken part in any political activity, and hardly attended meetings, even in Hyde Park, except as a porter.

Although I agree less with Nkrumah's "Gain ye first the political kingdom and all will be added unto you" than with the original version, after six months or so in South Africa I became convinced that the country has reached a point where the only practical answer is political organization. This is the fault not of those struggling to win freedom through this means, but those who have held the power up till now.

Since I both thought this and wished to do something, the obvious action was to join some political group. I returned to South Africa in November last after a holiday, fully determined to do this; but once again, to my grief, I found myself again resolute. So I continued, as all through my life, with interests and associates in many places, but membership cards in none. However I do see the point of a friend of mine who said: "Of course you're guilty. You're the most guilty person I know in South Africa." I was guilty of taking no notice of *them*, and all their supporters, open and tacit.

Searching my conscience, as the Under-Secretary suggested, the long hours of comfortable exile in Salisbury, I found lack of courage, lack of aim, dissipation of energies—omission

rather than commission. I should have done something more positive than merely judging people according to standards other than colour, having to do with them or not for reasons other than respectability; treating people as one might anywhere else—pretending to live in Africa as if it might be somewhere else—not because I was ignorant of the differences and took no account, but because I *was* aware of what was happening and considered this something one should try to do. Eliza Doolittle in “Pygmalion” was a lady when she was treated as one by Higgins’ friend, not when she was “made” into one by Higgins’ bullying. I had bumbled along doing what I could for those I came in contact with, not aimlessly but with no stated programme, trying to steer an honest path between the Scylla of despair and the Charybdis of over-simplification. The price of journeying with ready-made principles but no ready-made conclusions is that you take the slow stopping train and get out at every station.

The problem here is not unique, though it is possible that here it is expressed, in this present age, in a unique form. Underlying all the difficulties is man’s attitude towards other human beings. You can say, and I would fully agree, that this is so anywhere, and where are you when you find out that truism? But it is *not*, for instance, acknowledged that the reason for refusing someone a vote (that is, a potential say in his and others’ affairs) is because you do not value him or her as you do yourself. Few people would claim that men are in fact equal now, but until one treats everyone of equal *value* as himself there will be bitterness and confusion, envy and despair.

Since it is very rare that human beings can consider other people and their needs to be as important as their own, there must be safeguards in the form of laws so that no one is in a position to abuse a weaker. One of these safeguards is the vote—if a man depends on you in part for his power, then he treats you as of no account at his peril.

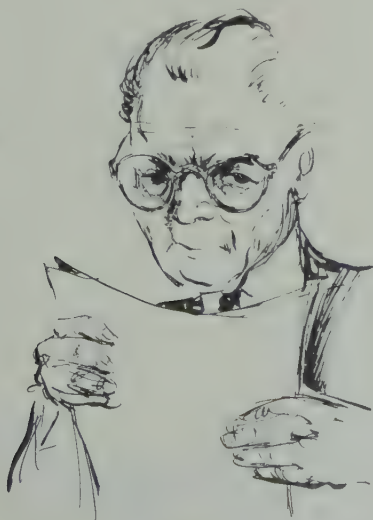
“It’s more complicated than that.” I can hear all the people thinking of their jobs not so easy to keep, the noisiness and mess of the invasion of lower standards, people who don’t know what a nice garden is swarming up the road breaking the young trees living in squalor next door with their twelve children, leaving litter, getting drunk. It sounds maybe too simple, but who said it wasn’t immensely complicated to carry out such a simple thing? The Ten Commandments are simple enough, and

difficult enough. To prize a Persian carpet more than a person wrong, and we ought to admit it.

And if white civilization will go under because all people are treated with the respect we give ourselves, then good riddance, even if it's a dying duck anyway. I don't think it will. In spite of what the Minister thinks of my standards and habits I have enjoyed a most civilized life, and the barbarism of white South Africa appalled me even more than the degradation and despair of black South Africa.

Whether we like it or not freedom is indivisible, as was said many years ago about peace. The whites in South Africa are among the most imprisoned people I have ever come across. The agony one sometimes feels about a country which arouses so much passion is often on their account—not because of what may happen to them, but because of what they have let themselves become, what they have done to themselves. The agony is agony at waste.

It is quite inexcusable to treat the "native problem" (it's really a "white" problem) as "politics" and dismiss it. Nor can people outside the country any longer ignore the part that international opportunism plays in supporting the *status quo*. We may say: "But is it my business? Is it my fault?" Whatever country I'm kicked out of, I shall continue to say that the answer is yes to both questions.



SALISBURY DIARY

DENIS GRUNDY

Rhodesian Journalist and Special Correspondent of 'Africa South' in the Federation

FROM the top of the kopje you can see for yourself a microcosm of all the kingdoms of the modern world, done in Rebecca West's "morbid pallor of concrete": The 'growing skyline of Salisbury' is now dominated by a rather spectacular secular temple, Pearl Assurance House, a 'symbol of confidence' sixteen storeys, most of them unlet. On its roof is a four-legged caliper clutching a light-of-the-world visible, it is said, at ninety miles. Anyhow, it easily picks out Mount Hampden ten miles to the west, the point at which the Pioneers thought they had arrived on that September day in 1890. Of course 'the map was wrong' and Frank Johnson, leader of the expedition, did not hesitate to announce that the column had reached its destination as he dismissed it. If errors of plan and statement have been endemic in the Rhodesian record ever since, it ought to be pondered as well that this general level of mild incompetence has so far saved the country from any threat of efficient tyranny. South Africans, for instance, might well envy such a saving grace while scoffing at 'the banana republic minus the bananas.'

Monument to 'man's monstrous idolatry of man', as long as he's white, Salisbury has a nucleus of not much more than a square-mile, with satellite suburban electrons along radii of up to ten miles. There are no local trains, and sparse and erratic buses for Europeans only, who anyhow still think of the private car as the public transport service. An almost total vacuum of professional entertainment beyond the cinema—there is no theatrical building intended as such, and, so far, no television—is padded out with a *perpetuum mobile* of political parties and meetings, a rotarianism of trade and industrial associations, schisms galore of religious and lay sodalities, and a sadism of amateur theatrical, musical and other-artistic societies. There are a number of sports and other clubs, as difficult as they are expensive to get into.

Greater Salisbury has over 80,000 Europeans of mixed origin. Kariba, for instance, is directly or loosely responsible for an important Italian element. Africans number between 100,000 and 150,000, according to the political slant of one's guess. Other races, meaning chiefly Coloureds, about four thousand. In 1946 there were 21,000 Europeans, and 71,000 'employees'.

icans. How many unemployed Europeans, as well as Africans, are to-day is a matter of propaganda. The fourfold European increase since 1946 represents in the main a variable stream of artisan immigrants from Great Britain and South Africa. The African increment is their retinue. Jacked-up into the realm of a privileged middle-class, the white artisan, in the course of directing and supervising black labour, has 'bossed it up' into dominating and demanding the skills, ambitions, mores and ethics of his white master. At least that is what the 'Old Rhodesians', those who settled in the country not later than the 'twenties', only believe. They maintain that responsibility for the present disastrous political and economic unrest lies with the post-war stream of European immigration, which has created an African proletariat in the image of the white artisan.

That four-legged caliper on the roof of Pearl Assurance House might be a symbol of the fourfold 'financial establishment' that rules the Federal as well as the Salisbury piper—Messieurs the Anglo-American Corporation, the Rhodesian Selection Trust, the British South Africa Company, the Imperial Tobacco Company. The American tycoon who said of Salisbury that he had seen lost cities before eventually proves right, it will not be before his quadrumvirate surrenders. Moreover the whole tight little pressure-group nexus is interlocking. The official organ of the 'political establishment' has the same telephone number as the best-known public relations consultant in the business. Even so, there are unrequited antagonisms. The conduct—and composition—of the Salisbury City Council is so remarkable that both 'establishments' sporadically comment upon it.

When Alistair, the 'Old Rhodesian' Scots farmer of broad acres, comes into town he likes to rehearse this tart jest: "My word, Salisbury looks more and more like London every time I see it. More and more black faces." He then mounts his hobby-horse of 'The Golden Age', when Southern Rhodesia was a tiny little, tight little land-locked island where everybody knew everybody else and nobody had any money. When the 'muntu' was a thoroughly decent, happy fellow, who knew his place, and nobody locked up his doors or anything else. Later Alistair will rant on the post-war immigrants: worthless rejects of the Welfare State; selfish evaders of English income tax and domestic chores; expatriate dead-beats without home or patriotism; economic dead-weights, subverters of the honest, contented African.

Almost as acid is his view of the lazy, incompetent, swollen Civil Services, sitting on their backsides and hanging their hats on an early pension. He has innumerable stories of their mismanagement, wastefulness and worse, furnished with elaborate picaresque detail. But the crescendo of his anathemas is reserved for those unscrupulous, self-seeking politicians who engineered Federation to save their own skins. Particularly for Huggins, in pursuit of peerage, with his grip tight on all the reins of power through the medium of his appointed yes-men ministers; and for Whitehead, whose fiscal policies sold Southern Rhodesia down the river for a mess of Northern Rhodesian copper.

If this version of the Federal parturition is too violently partisan for anything but qualified attention, it is at least consistent. Alistair and his kind of the old country school voted against Federation in 1953 for the very same reasons that they oppose it now. They don't want partnership, or they think it can't work, or both. Amongst their sort it is hard to find anyone who will admit to having favoured Federation at the time of the referendum, or to having changed his mind. It was they who chiefly went within an ace of putting the Dominion Party into power in Southern Rhodesia last year.

When Huggins paid the price for Federation by accepting Nyasaland into membership; when he put his signature to a constitution that professed a partnership between the two main races that would go forward to full status, within the Commonwealth, *only when the majority of the inhabitants of the three territories so desired*; had he any clear conception of what these commitments must entail, or did he simply not bother too much?

The sixty-three per cent of the electorate that voted Federation in probably had few misgivings about the terms of the contract. To Southern Rhodesians of the urban and late-coming type, it must have seemed a good financial proposition, and a good financial proposition was urgently needed. The prospectus was confident that Northern Rhodesian copper could not conceivably sink below £240 a ton (at this time of writing it is £220 and has been as low as £160 in the last two years), which should mean nice dividends for everybody in perpetuity. If they ever read the preamble to the proposed new constitution and spotted the bit about partnership, well, it was too vague to mean anything concretely unpleasant, probably just another bit of eyewash by Huggins with which to fool the British.

Even at this short distance, it is difficult to discern any clear

tionale to the key wording of the constitutional preamble. Sir John Moffat, now second pillar of the new Central Africa Party, who was thereabouts at the time, has said that the British Government left 'partnership' in the air and undefined on purpose. Welensky, the shrewd pragmatist, very rarely uses the word 'partnership'. If asked his interpretation, he might very well run through the list of 'liberal measures' that Whitehead has prodded through the Southern Rhodesian Parliament this year. He would probably not mention that the most important and comprehensive of these, the Industrial Conciliation Act, was a full-grown child of Todd which Whitehead adopted. He would certainly add to them the removal of racial segregation, or at least its visible signs, from post-offices and railway-stations—a Federal achievement. This latter he would call 'removing unnecessary prickles' from the educated African.

What really has to be removed are the pins themselves, if there is to be any chance of a return—some might say an original creation—of mutual race confidence. The two most poisonous underpillars are the Federal Franchise Act of 1958 and the Southern Rhodesian Land Apportionment Act. The first virtually excludes, and would do so for decades to come, the African from casting any effective number of votes for the forty-four 'elected' members in a parliament of fifty-nine. The second, a congeries of Acts and Amendments dating from 1930, is the local version of apartheid. It expressly prohibits the domestic, industrial and commercial intermingling of the races on a residential basis. Now the British Government ever came to contrive and endorse a constitution devoted to the extension of racial co-operation, which contained in its living vitals this cancer of denial, is a mystery of almost theological incomprehensibility. The small breach in this doctrine made by Whitehead, in a recent amendment permitting multi-racial hotels in European areas, has so far borne no tangible fruit.

Welensky must conduct a series of 'planned withdrawals' from his former entrenched positions, which he can no longer hold against the pace of African advancement and the force of British and world opinion. As with some other retreats, this one will be called an 'advance'. Of course he remains the archetypal settler's man, the boy from Pioneer Street on the wrong side of the tracks who made good. But he now has to keep together an increasingly refractory army, whose every private feels that his own job is under African fire, and lead it back to

unlocatable positions of undefinable defensive strength. Moreover he will have to cope with desertions to his left and right flank. The latter must be the more vulnerable, for in all the country's parliamentary history the political opposition has always been to the government's right.

What of the thunderer on the left, Garfield Todd? Since the Emergency, he has increasingly shown himself to be the only European leader capable of commanding any substantial degree of African support. His new Central Africa Party, which includes Sir John Moffat and his influential connection in Northern Rhodesia, still lacks positive representation in Nyasaland. Both its backbone and brain are still the old United Rhodesia Party that fell to disaster in the Southern Rhodesian election of June last year. And so far it has not won the support of the housewife and her artisan husband.

Todd, of course, is no leftist by British standards. In the present political imbroglio he can claim to be the one realistic leader with his feet moderately firm on the quaking ground and an imaginatively constructive programme fitted to these circumstances. While at this moment the Party's exact proposals for the reform of the constitution and of the franchise are not finally settled, they are likely to contain entrenched clauses on the lines of a Bill of Rights, and a democratic widening of the franchise that would greatly increase the African voting strength.

It does not require much cynicism to remark that the last provision is Todd's only step-ladder to power, since under the ruling franchise qualifications the white voter is the supreme umpire. The Party is expending much energy in canvassing the African already. But it may be equally true and valid to say that the Federation can stay in one piece only through the African vote freely given in considerable strength.

Between times in Salisbury the cost of living rises a point or two, as does unemployment, while the unmitigated and unconscionable profit-margin still exacted by retail shops convinces more and more of the public that it cannot afford to live here. Neither of the two main budgets has afforded solid comfort to anybody, the small measure of industrial encouragement vouchsafed being quite inadequate for the task of increasing home production or bringing in fresh risk-capital. For all the boosting Kariba, like copper, remains an unknown quantity. And the light on Pearl Assurance House beams as brightly as ever over untenanted caves.

A CENTRAL AFRICAN REPORT

JOHN STONEHOUSE, M.P.

British Labour Member of Parliament recently deported from Central Africa by order of the Federal Government.

THE granting of dominion status to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in 1960 would be a tragedy of the first order. Very few of the 7 million Africans are in favour of Federal independence, and there are probably none in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland who would express support for such a development. Even in Nyasaland, the opposition to Federation has reached a stage where it can no longer be ignored. Spokesmen of the Church of Scotland have confirmed that hostility to it is not confined to an educated few. Masses of Africans genuinely fear that Federation will mean domination by the European minority in Southern Rhodesia.

There has already been too much equivocation about the much anticipated conference in 1960 to discuss the future of the Federation. It is important that this speculation be ended by a clear statement of policy by the British Government that there is now no likelihood that dominion status will be granted in 1960. It is only by such a statement that it will be possible to begin winning the support of Africans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland towards a policy of understanding with the Europeans. Such a statement is made more vitally necessary by the recent declarations of the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, who has said that 'in certain circumstances the Federal Government would go it alone and declare independence'. After a barrage of questions in the House of Commons, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, grudgingly conceded that the Federal Prime Minister had no legal right to take any such action. But the Africans need more than this to convince them that the British Government, in league with Welensky, is not going to sell them down the river.

The British Labour Party has already made clear that dominion status should not be granted until the majority of the adult population in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland agree, and the Labour Party has also said that there should be an unequivocal commitment that the objective of the Federation is complete democracy and equal rights for every citizen. As an immediate demand, the Labour Party also asks for a revision of the Federal

franchise to ensure genuine African representation in the Federal Parliament.

These are the declarations which really worry Sir Roy Welensky. For if Federal independence is postponed, a future Labour Government might so amend the Federal Constitution as a stage towards its stated objective of full democracy that within perhaps only a year or two Africans would be the main political force in the Federation.

In Tanganyika the recent elections have shown what can happen to a political party which does not accept democracy. The United Tanganyika Party was completely overwhelmed by the Tanganyika African National Union (TANU). It is noteworthy, however, that TANU put its emphasis on a non-racial policy and has been co-operating very closely with the Asian Association and a number of Europeans to this end. Under the leadership of Mr. Julius Nyerere, Tanganyika is moving away from the ideas of qualitative franchise and special privileges for the minority races towards a democracy in which all citizens, irrespective of colour, are guaranteed individual rights.

This example of progress towards democracy is particularly relevant to the Federation. For the Europeans in Central Africa the shadow of Tanganyika is an ominous reminder of the power of African aspirations. To the Africans it is an inspiring symbol. As Mr. Nyerere gets more power and responsibility in Tanganyika he will become increasingly interested in the fate of Africans across the border in the Federation. He is a much more serious threat to Sir Roy Welensky than even Dr. Nkrumah himself.

Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda speaks for the mass of the Nyasaland when he demands the right to secede. It is noteworthy, however, that he is not against federation as such, but against federation with the wrong people. He is, for instance, in favour of federation with Tanganyika, because there is no threat of domination from that end. The British Government has been talking vaguely of allowing further constitutional advance to the Nyasaland people. The new constitution should have been announced early in January; but even if the proposals, when they do come forward, allow for an African majority on the Legislative Council, the opposition to Federation is so strong that the Africans will still demand secession. If they continue this demand they must be allowed to secede. No Federation could be successful if over one-third of its people are unwilling partners to it. And it is likely that if Nyasaland is to be allowed to secede, the Northern

Rhodesian Africans will want to follow. If Britain fulfils its obligations to Northern Rhodesia as a Protectorate, it should allow the territory to secede and perhaps join Nyasaland in a new federation of East and Central Africa.

A few years ago Africans in Uganda and Kenya were concerned about plans for a federation of East Africa. These fears have evaporated with the growing strength of African political organizations in Kenya and the corresponding diminution of white power. They now speak in favour of East African Federation and, like Mr. Nyerere, they would welcome an African Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland being joined with this. As an economic unit it would be quite strong, as the cash crops of Uganda and Tanganyika would balance the copper of Northern Rhodesia. And it would be open to Southern Rhodesia to join, if the people of the colony accepted the democratic basis on which it would be established.

Fears have been expressed that in the event of Africans having political power in these territories, European standards would be swamped and the European immigrants expelled. In the nations which have recently emerged from colonialism, however, there are now more Europeans than there were before independence. Of course, many of them are not in India or China as permanent settlers, but even so those Whites in Central Africa who have an economic contribution to make would be readily welcomed by Africans. Indeed, below the surface of racial discrimination and antagonism, I am sure there is a great deal of good-will between the races which could come to the surface as soon as the political obstacles were removed. On the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt, both the African and the European mineworkers' unions took great pains to convince me of their anxiety to work together. And in the recent strike of White workers, the African union backed up their fellow trade unionists and not the management. The problem of African advancement is also being tackled jointly by these unions, not separately. The cynics will say that this is merely because the Europeans want to ensure that no Africans advance to skilled jobs, by insisting on the rate for the job clause. In my opinion this cynicism is very much overdone. I felt, after attending a joint committee of the two unions, that there exists a very real anxiety to bring the races together. The spirit of good-will was quite extraordinary and was expressed by long-handed White trade unionists who said: "Our future is

tied up with the Africans. Although on the surface there appears to be enmity, when we get down below we know that we rely on each other." Mr. Lawrence Katilungu confirmed this by saying: "Racial antagonisms will not be ended by political campaigns, but through the joint industrial struggle".

There were other examples of industrial co-operation between the races, in particular the agreement between the African and European railway workers' unions on African advancement. The Federal Government's refusal to sit down with the two unions to find a way of implementing the agreement that Africans should be allowed to take on some of the so-called skilled jobs in the administration, shows up sufficiently the hypocrisy of the Federal Government's repeated boasts about partnership. When it looks like becoming a reality, Welensky sabotages it.

This is the impression which the Africans have, and recent actions by the Southern Rhodesian Government do nothing to increase their confidence. The Bill to establish multi-racial trade unions seemed more of a threat to the African bodies than a move to give Africans equality. For without guarantees that Africans should be allowed to take on skilled jobs, the right to join a European trade union is worthless. They would, in fact, become second class members of a European trade union, in the same way that they are second class citizens on a European elector's roll. The African trade union movement would be destroyed. Africans regard these moves towards multi-racialism as hollow gestures which in fact have the effect of consolidating European rule. The non-racialism which Africans advocate—that is, equality between all Rhodesians of whatever colour—is a much more realistic policy. What multi-racialism does is to generate a superficial and artificial structure in society which is not workable because basically it is not at all genuine.

The measure to ban the Southern Rhodesian African National Congress has also to be considered in this context. The Congress movement was the only African political organization in the territory, though it also had some twelve Europeans in its membership. The accusation that it was led by power-hungry, disreputable men does not bear examination. The leaders whom I met were responsible, able men, some of whom made a considerable sacrifice by their service to the movement. Mr. Paul Mashong, for instance, one of the leading businessmen in the African suburb of Highfield, had spent a sum running into four figures to help Congress, as well as handicapping his own business interests.

Congress enjoyed support from most of the leading Africans, including Mr. Herbert Chitepo, the only African barrister. The authorities cannot shrug it off as having been a trivial organization led by irresponsible men. By the Unlawful Organizations Act they have forced it underground, where it is likely to become a more serious threat to the security of the State.

But the Southern Rhodesian Government has not limited itself to the mere banning of its indigenous Congress. The Nyasaland and the two Northern Rhodesian Congresses have been banned permanently in Southern Rhodesia. A curious position arises. For instance, Mr. Harry Nkumbula, the President of the Northern Rhodesian African National Congress, was recently elected to the Legislative Council. If he travels to Salisbury on official or other business, he can be clapped into jail immediately by Sir Edgar Whitehead.

The Amendment to the Native Affairs Act is also repressive in character and discriminatory against Africans. There are penalties for insolence to officers in the Native Reserves which 99 Africans out of a 100 will not be in a position to pay. Meetings of Africans over 12 in number will need the special permission of the District Officers.

Although the power has not been exercised at any time since 1923, the British Government can still reserve such discriminatory laws. Under clause 28 of the Southern Rhodesian Letters Patent, 1923, legislation which discriminates against Africans may be held up by the order of the Governor, instructed by the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. In fact, under clause 30, the British Government has power to veto legislation introduced into the Southern Rhodesian Parliament. This power, as far as is known, has never even been threatened by the British Government, but during the period of the Labour Government was a recognized practice for Southern Rhodesian bills to be forwarded to London for some prior consultation. That has not taken place with recent measures.

Until recently the British public was under the impression that Southern Rhodesia was essentially a liberal country and not to be compared with the Union of South Africa. But this illusion is fast dying, as a result of events for which the Government of the Colony alone must be held responsible. The European settler administration conducts itself as though it had virtual independence of action. It has not, and is not likely to attain it within the peace of the law until it can show itself capable of

governing itself for the justice of all.

Meanwhile, events in Central Africa move towards a climax. The publication of the Devlin Commission Report has underlined the brutality employed by the Nyasaland authorities to silence African antagonism towards Federation; while its firm dismissal of the 'massacre plot' has cast the gravest doubts upon the ethics of the Emergency and the continued incarceration of the acknowledged African leadership.

Mr. Macmillan's announcement of a Commission of Inquiry on Central Africa is regarded in Labour circles as a cruel political trick. The Commission is not a Parliamentary one: the Parliamentary representatives will be in a minority, and almost all of the other members of the Commission will be governmental nominees, chosen either by Mr. Macmillan himself or by Sir Roy Welensky. There is no likelihood that the African representatives on the Commission—five in number—will have any respect or following among the African population of the territories, as they will be nominated by the various administrations for their talents as mouthpieces. It is intolerable, of course, that any attempt should be made to assess African opinion in Central Africa while African political organizations are unlawful in Southern Rhodesia, while a State of Emergency exists in Nyasaland and the Congress is banned, and while some of the leading African politicians in Northern Rhodesia are rusticated.

There is no question of Labour's changing the principles of the policy it has repeatedly announced for Central Africa, particularly the statement, made in March 1958, which was described by Mrs. Barbara Castle in her article in the last issue of *'Africa South'*. Labour is opposed to any compromise with Welensky. Even though his original demand for dominion status in 1960 may be modified, Labour would hardly agree to any transfer of power from the territories—such as control over the police—to the Federal Government. There has now been recognition within the Labour Party that future conferences on Central Africa must, in fairness to the Africans, include the question of secession. The right of the Africans in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia to secede if they wish to is being finally recognized.

FRENCH WEST AFRICA (II): THE VIEW TO-DAY

BASIL DAVIDSON

British Author and Journalist

ONG the road to independence, French-speaking Africa is
v a long way past the point of no return. This is the main
clusion I came to after a brief tour of some parts of West
ica early this year.

Of course, the movement is erratic. Here and there, the
tination is already reached: in Guinea, and now in Togoland
Cameroun (formally due for independence next year, but



already past the stage of "tutelage"). Elsewhere, in Niger or Chad, the journey is scarcely begun (or else the travellers have been obliged to retrace many of their steps). But the general movement towards independence—or at any rate towards self-determination, which may not turn out to be the same thing—is now taken for granted both by the French and by the African peoples concerned.

What has really happened in French-speaking Africa, over these past many months, is the emergence of another large region where Africans have worked out, or are working out, a new relationship of equality with Europeans. That is one reason why a European, wandering in French-speaking Africa, must find plenty of encouragement to optimism. However much of a mess there may be in some other parts of Africa, between Europeans and Africans, here in West Africa the strains are relaxed (with one or two exceptions) and the tensions are small.

The French, it must be said, have made heavy weather of accepting the idea (and the implications) of African self-determination. The main reason for this has not been any lack of intelligence or information—much less, any lack of a liberal tradition towards non-European peoples: it has been the enormous handicap of a series of right-wing governments of one label or another, governments which have stood for the most reactionary (and therefore the most stupid) interests in France. Time and time again the individual brilliance of administrators or the generous thought of Ministers has been defeated, stopped or reduced to confusion by the baying of the Blimps. The initially sensible ideas of the French Union, way back in 1946, were killed stone-dead within a matter of weeks; and years of fruitless and fearful war were then allowed to make havoc of the genius of France and the wealth and welfare of the French (not to speak of the miseries that befell the Indo-Chinese). The wise and statesmanlike compromise with Tunisia, over a decade later, was followed almost at once by an attempt to turn the clock back in Morocco—and then by another appalling colonial war in Algeria, a war which continues to this day with a fearful toll in lives and decency.

But these disasters, it must be emphasised, owe almost nothing to the indifference of liberal opinion in France or to the lack of an understanding of what has been going on. The French, as a whole (if one can speak of any people "as a whole"), remain

ill-informed, tolerant, occasionally brilliant, long-suffering, prepared for change. They remain, in many ways, by far the most successful European people both in "understanding" Africans and in winning the friendship and affection of Africans. One who doubts this should compare the standing, experience, and general ease of living of Africans in Paris and Africans in London. The first often become, at any rate for a time being, Parisians: the second often remain, even when their donors are "kind" to them, uneasy exiles.

It is important to remember all this if only to correct one's judgment of French policy in colonial affairs. How can so grant and sensible a people become so futile in what they usually *do* in their colonial or former colonial territories? There is, I have suggested, only one explanation which will bear inquiry: the crassly conservative nature of French parliamentary priorities and thus of French governments over the past ten years or so. There has been a grim and grinding contradiction between the intelligence of Frenchmen and the stupidity of their policies.

This contradiction still exists in French affairs in French-speaking Africa; but with a difference. The difference is De Gaulle.

But how much of a difference? The final and complete answer to that, of course, will have to wait upon events—upon many events. Meanwhile, some tentative conclusions are possible. To begin with, France has now accepted Guinea as "independent partner". Although no one in Paris would possibly admit this, Guinea today has almost the same relationship to France as Ghana has to Britain. Only De Gaulle, it seems to me, could have signed this acceptance, and made it stand. Without De Gaulle there would surely have been the weary protraction of argument and provocation, as one parliamentary lobby after another pushed policy this way or that: in the end, no doubt, there would have been the same weary hostilities, the same "incidents", the same deployment of troops, the same disasters. But De Gaulle cut away from all that. Guinea and France are at peace today.

With the other territories of French West and Equatorial Africa, the situation is much less simple. But here too the difference is present. In the old French Union (abortive it was), the root idea was to keep these territories in colonial subject status. That is not what the texts said; but it is

nonetheless what the policies meant. With the new framework introduced last Autumn—the so-called “French Community”—there is a change. There is a new willingness (by government, I mean—a large number of French *people* have had this willingness for a long time) to reckon with a genuine self-determination among Africans; and to accept the fact that genuine concessions need not by any means damage the foundations of “French presence” in West and Equatorial Africa. Of course there are reservations to be made; and a little further on I will suggest one or two of them. By and large, though, the new Executive Council of the Community is beginning to work with a flexibility which allows—or promises to allow—a great deal of political change. This, once again, is thanks to the decision of De Gaulle, whose prestige is great enough to allow him to overwhelm right-wing opposition, and whose ideas (however conservative) are at least clear enough to allow him to see that the old subjections are tenable no longer. Without De Gaulle, one cannot help thinking, the right-wing interests which now dominate the parliamentary life of France would rapidly fall back into their old muddle and misery.

In Algeria, of course, their muddle and misery continue as before.

With France willing to accept political change in Africa south of the Desert—so long as cultural and economic links with France remain strong and unbroken—what about the Africans? How do they react? What do they want?

My own answers are two in number; and neither, it seems to me, is open to much argument. First of all, a majority of politically-minded people in *all* these territories desire progress not only towards self-government, but also towards full sovereignty (though not necessarily towards independence of France). Secondly, powerful trends in *most* of these territories desire progress towards federal unification.

In front of these conclusions, though, one must put a great many “ifs and buts”. The best way to explain them is to consider these territories more closely as they are today.

First of all, there are those which are already in possession of full sovereign rights, or are about to acquire them: Guinea, and Togoland and Cameroun in 1960.

Guinea, let it be said, is a great success from the African point of view. Thanks to sound leadership, sound political preparation, and sound decisions at the point of crisis, Guinea

Guinea is a viable and forward-looking State whose impact on the rest of West Africa will be felt increasingly across the coming years. There are noticeable, no doubt, a great many growing problems: a shortage of cash in the till, a shortage of experienced administrators, a shortage of teachers and technicians of every kind. The residue of tribal hostilities—between Foulah and Haoussa and Malinké—is not yet quite drained away and may still cause difficulties, though I should doubt if it will cause any serious crisis.

One can be wrong in such judgments. I spent only three weeks in Guinea, and travelled only 1,200 miles through its interior: I don't suppose I talked at length to more than a couple of hundred Guineans in that time. But it seemed to me, at the time I left, that Guinea was firmly and confidently set on its forward path. The new Guinean administrators whom I met and talked with in the interior were often over-worked and under-experienced, conditions they made no bones about admitting. To offset these disadvantages, they pointed out, they were men of the country—and they could rely on public sympathy and public support to a degree never possible to the colonial administrators who had preceded them.

I think they are right about this. One's over-riding impression of people in Guinea is that they wanted independence, they are glad and proud that they have got it, and they are willing to go a long way towards helping to make it work. Moreover, one can overestimate the lack of experienced personnel. To people all over French-speaking West Africa, Guinea has become a pole of attraction: they see it as the pioneer of a new kind of life, a better kind of life, in every part of this quarter of the continent. And they come to Guinea in their ones and twos, or even in their half-dozens and their dozens, to put their talents at its service. One meets there French-trained veterinarians from the savannah country, intellectuals from Dahomey and Senegal, teachers from the Ivory Coast and the Sudan—people for whom the narrow world of tribal loyalty has lost its attraction, and for whom the world of tomorrow means a renaissance in modern terms—of the large West African unities of long

ago. Bankrupt? That, of course, is what silly people (and a number of sensible people who ought to have known better) said about Guinea when the first weeks of independence were over. At that time, the French banks in Guinea had turned off all

credit, and Frenchmen returning to France had taken large quantities of local money out of circulation. There was to a lesser extent there still is—great difficulty in finding the cash to pay for the ordinary services of public life. On the day of my arrival—in January—two senior officials explained to me with wry laughter that they had had no salary for three months. But this shortage of cash affected only a minority of people in the towns and cities: it scarcely touched the mass of the peasants who live now as they have always lived—in an economy largely of subsistence. It is a shortage which will be overcome without much difficulty. Beyond that, the economy of Guinea is a remarkably strong one—if only because Guinea, exporting iron ore to Britain, has a sterling balance; and also, exporting bauxite to Canada, a dollar balance. The big mining corporations never misunderstood the position: almost from the first day of independence, they made it clear that they would continue with their operations; and since then, they have committed themselves to still larger investments of capital in Guinea.

MALI—originally Senegal, Soudan, Upper Volta, and Dhomey; but now reduced to Senegal and Soudan—is in a different posture. Both Senegal and Soudan are now self-governing republics within the French Community; as well as that, they are federated together as the State of Mali, complete with constitution, assembly and federal government of its own. The question is: how stable is this arrangement?

The first point to notice is that Senegal and Soudan belong together economically: the crops of the Soudan go out through Senegal, and the consumer goods of France come in from Senegal. The second point is that the political grouping now dominant in both would probably have chosen independence—at the time of the great referendum last Autumn—if they had thought they could get away with it: as it was, they voted for de Gaulle—for mere autonomy within the French Community—as the best thing open to them at that time. What these political groupings would probably choose today—if they could get it—would be to join Guinea in an enlarged federal State, independent but closely linked to France (for none of them wants to cut links with France—something that many Frenchmen still find hard to believe). They would like, in short, to be “Dominion within a French Commonwealth: as it is, they have to content with being self-governing States in a Community whose decisive acts of policy are framed and carried out by France.

view of this matter that is often heard—and with which I agree—is that the future of Mali will be union with Guinea, either with effective “Dominion” status; *provided* that the French prove flexible enough to allow this natural development to take place. There will otherwise be stagnation—and trouble. The dominant peoples of Soudan and Senegal are also dominant peoples of Guinea: and between Upper Guinea and Soudan, indeed, there is no dividing line except an artificial frontier on the map. For the moment, though, plans for a union of this kind are in abeyance. Soudan and Senegal are setting out their new self-governing institutions, and political problems there have enough on their hands—perhaps for several years.

Next come a series of new self-governing but dependent territories whose posture is much less clear.

UPPER VOLTA is sandwiched between Soudan-Guinea on one side and the Ivory Coast on the other; and the ambitions of its rulers reflect this situation. They want to have good relations with Mali and with Guinea; but they cannot afford to quarrel with the Ivory Coast—their main route to the sea. That is why Upper Volta at first joined Mali and then withdrew. The Ivory Coast objected.

The IVORY COAST objected because its politics are entirely dominated by Dr. Félix Houphouët-Boigny and his henchmen. These are men whose nationalism has taken them in two curiously opposite directions—towards a reinforcement of parish-pump chauvinism (“The Ivory Coast for Ivory Coast, and out with the foreigner”: foreigners being, oddly enough, not Frenchmen, but immigrants from Dahomey and Togo); and, secondly, towards close links with France. Thus you have the strange situation in the Ivory Coast that Dr. Houphouët—as a well-known French administrator commented—is eager for federation with Bretons and Normans and Burgundians, but dead set against federation with Guineans, Togolanders, or the people of Dahomey. The truth of the matter is that the Ivory Coast is, for the moment, in the petty miseries of tribalism—the first of which was the expulsion of many thousands of “foreign” Africans last winter. For long regarded as the decisive leader in French West Africa, Dr. Houphouët’s star is waning fast: even the kind of African chauvinist light this star has been shedding lately, nearly all his neighbours are understandably glad to do without.

DAHOMEY's difficulty is mainly geographical. An isolated Dahomey makes no economic sense: but with which of its neighbours should a self-governing Dahomey join itself? Logically, with Togoland to the west or with Western Nigeria to the east; but neither, for different reasons, is practical politics for anyone concerned. Then with Niger to the north? But Niger is an impoverished and distant territory, and the junction would be difficult. At first Dahomey also joined up with Mali—which made little sense either; and then withdrew, and is now wondering a little uncertainly what to do next.

NIGER's position is much less satisfactory. Here, last Autumn, there was a strong movement for immediate independence—for voting "no" to De Gaulle—but this movement was defeated by one kind of colonialist hocus-pocus or another, and the Niger today is a good deal less self-governing than any of its neighbours. The natural thing for the Niger to do, of course, would be to join Northern Nigeria, for both belong by long tradition to the same trading area, the same language area (Hausa), and the same historical memories. Some of Niger's leaders, indeed, were even accused by the French of "plotting" to join Nigeria last Autumn—and these accusations were made with great bitterness, since the hand of *perfidie Albion* was also said to be in the "plot". It is very doubtful if Albion, on this occasion, had any perfidious intentions; but the French are hard to convince. They have reasserted their control over Niger in no mean way; and have found there a number of convenient stooges.

MAURITANIA, far to the west, I have left to the last in this quick look at French-speaking West Africa, because it really falls outside this picture. Its slender scattered population of cattle-keeping nomads, Arabic-speaking Berber or Tawreg belongs rather to the Desert; and part of its loyalties goes northward to Morocco. The Moroccans—newly re-established in their own independence—claim Mauritania (Moor-italia—or *Shinqit* in the history of the western Arabs and Berbers) as part of their own heritage; and some Mauritania agree with this. Others do not, and these others are at present in the ascendant and have made agreements of friendship, though not of federation, with Mali to the south of them. Probably there will be several oscillations between these two points of view: the outcome is uncertain, but the advantages of autonomy for the chiefs of Mauritania (and this is a society of chiefs and followers) seem

ely to outweigh the sentimental memories of past union with Morocco.

And French-speaking Equatorial and Central Africa?

Here the development towards independence is much less pronounced. These sparse peoples are desperately short of schools, money, and material means; and their politics are still largely in the "tribal stage"—which means that their political parties (as no longer in most of West Africa) are little more, often enough, than "voting armies" for outstanding individuals. Yet even here—and all these Equatorial populations number only a million more than the population of Soudan alone—there are interesting things to be seen and heard.

All four territories—Gaboon, Middle Congo, Oubangui-Shari, and Chad—have formed themselves into a customs union. In economic terms this may be little more than a formality; yet it should be interpreted as symbolic of a drive towards unity which is powerful in Equatorial Africa just as it is further to the west.

Middle Congo and Oubangui-Shari have changed their names—and here too the symbolism is interesting. Thus Oubangui-Shari has become the CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC; and just before his unhappy death in an air-crash, its principal political leader, M. Barthélémy Boganda, had proposed the interesting idea that this new Central African Republic ought to be regarded as the core of a future "United States of Latin Africa"—of French-speaking, Spanish-speaking, Portuguese-speaking Africa. The late M. Boganda, an intelligent man, knew perfectly well that anything of that kind would be exceedingly hard to achieve: his intention was to get ideas—large ideas—into circulation. He knew—as others know—that these years ahead will be years of tremendous change and growth; and he wanted the framework to be a wide one.

The old Middle Congo—having Brazzaville as its capital—has become the REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO.

CHAD and GABOON have kept their names unchanged.

It is unreal to consider these French-speaking equatorial territories without bringing in the largest of them all—the BELGIAN CONGO. Here indeed the growth of nationalist sentiment—and of nationalist organisation—has been much more rapid than anyone a few years ago could have well believed possible. Less than a decade back, these Congo populations of Belgian colonialism were without any authentic voice outside

their messianic conventicles (and the leaders of these were mostly in prison or detention): today there are several political groupings, several nationalist newspapers, and quite a bit of legal room to move around in. Broadly speaking, two main groups may be distinguished. The first is that of the Abako, an independence movement based largely on the powerful and cohesive Bakongo people of the Congo estuary—they who formed the old African state of the Mani-Congo in the 15th century. The second is that of groupings which stand, with more or less conviction, for an all-Congolese nationalism. All these groups have the great disadvantage of having still to acquire a genuine political life of their own—but they also have the great advantage of not being face-to-face with an organised European settlers' power. If Belgians can bring themselves to face the implications of peaceful change, they should be able to reach a reasonable compromise with all or any of these groups. But it remains to be seen whether Belgian opinion can make this imaginative effort.

And the immediate future?

Continued growth of ideas and institutions towards "independence and unity": this will be the dominant trend, a trend which goes hand-in-hand with the same trend in British West Africa (and, indeed, in British East Africa as well). The biggest thing that has happened, perhaps, is not the emergence of a large number of independent or autonomous States—though that is not a small accomplishment—but the transformation of politics from "personalities *plus* voters" to "parties *plus* policies". Much more quickly than many had expected most peoples in this quarter of the continent have moved on from merely voting for an influential man to voting for a party with political ideas. This means, inevitably, a vast amount of political strife (especially between the old chiefly hierarchies and new parties of the "common man"—parties like the C.P.P. in Ghana and the Parti Démocratique Guinéenne in Guinea) but it also means a reinforcement of the ideas of sovereignty and nationalism. Along the road to independence—to independence and unity (no matter how much political strife there may be; and there will be plenty of that)—all this part of Africa to repeat my opening sentence, is now a long way past the point of no return.

London. Autumn, 1959

PROFILE OF A PRESIDENT— TUBMAN OF LIBERIA

DAVID WILLIAMS

Editor of 'West Africa'

WHEN he was a young man—President Tubman told me during celebrations of his last Inauguration in 1956—a military expedition went from Monrovia to Liberia's interior almost every year; and, as a militia officer 40 years ago, he had taken part in several. Now he was convinced that the enmity between "natives" and "settlers" had ended, and he regarded his cordial relations with Paramount Chiefs and the hinterland people as the achievement of his twelve years in office. He wanted the whole people, the country's great majority, to feel that the government itself was open to them, and he did not pretend that the reforms which had allowed them a greater say in the government (until 1945 they had no representation in the legislature, in the lower house of which they now have a third of the seats) were ahead of their aspirations. Political activity among the people of the interior—if there is really anything new—has been clandestine, and there does not seem any longer any great demand for rapid political reform; but the demand will grow, and the President wants to keep abreast of it.

At the great meeting of Paramount Chiefs in the Centennial Hall on "Interior Day" during these inaugural celebrations he heard some sincere tributes to the President's policy—"Now we are all guests at one table," said a venerable, bearded Paramount Chief—and the ceremonial presentation of white kola and cloth to the President and Vice-President, both wearing robes presented to them during up-country tours, was not so formal.

Some visitors from British West Africa, it is true, found it strange that such relations with the Interior should be new, and that Paramount Chiefs had far too little respect paid them in the capital. There is no great Chief in Liberia, and the gathering in the hall looked very much like a gathering of elders in Sierra Leone. It is certainly time that the division between "settlers" and "natives"—descendants of the Negro Americans who settled along the coast to found the Republic of Liberia—and "tribes" should be dropped, and that use of invidious words like "uncivilized" and "savage" should be dropped. Yet, to the settlers,

"Pioneers' Day" still celebrates the bravery of their forefathers who had resisted attack after attack from the inland tribes—since the first settlement was founded at Monrovia in 1822—attack, the President reminded me, would have put an end to Monrovia for good if a British warship captain, hearing the sound of gunfire, had not brought his ship in to aid the settlers.

Since his last Inauguration, the President has taken a step which might seem long overdue, but which represents a minor social revolution in Liberia. Drily observing that the text of the diploma which is presented to recipients of the Honourable Order of African Redemption seems not to reflect exactly the ideas of Liberian democracy, he has requested the legislature to delete from it the word "savage", and substitute "unfortunate". The order is given for work among peoples within Liberia and neighbouring territories, and when I attended a ceremony at Monrovia's Centennial Pavilion at which Mr. Tubman invested many foreigners as well as Liberians with the order, a number of Liberian ladies, dressed in Victorian costume, adorned the back of the platform, emphasizing the atmosphere in which an award of this kind could be instituted. Though the citation refers to "our brothers", it also uses that adjective which might have seemed inevitable in 1897 when the order was instituted, and which sounds incongruous in the decade of Afro-Asian self-consciousness.

President Tubman is the first President to travel widely in the Interior, and his appeal to the Paramount Chiefs to "bury the hatchet" and end their warfare with the settlers has borne fruit. Some of the government's Afro-American officials stationed in the Interior, including even District Commissioners, have felt the weight of a President's wrath; and now, too, so do senior officials in Monrovia, including the Director-General of the Health Services, Dr. Togba, are "tribal" people.

Nobody pretends that President Tubman has made Liberia a model democracy—it is one of the few aristocracies left—that he has purged the government of inefficiency, nepotism and corruption. But since 1943, when he first became President, the country has been transformed as a result of the new relationship between the Interior and the government, and because of the impetus the President has given to economic development.

For 15 years the history of Liberia has been the history of William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman, 18th President, who in this year stood election for a fourth term and won. Yet in 1943, when he was first elected, some thought that the

President, Edwin J. Barclay, who had been in office for years, intended to use the man he had made an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court six years before as a stooge, holding the real power himself. The idea did not survive very

the Supreme office has developed W. V. S. Tubman; it is extraordinary that in 1943 anybody could have expected him to do anything but a ruler. He is of medium height, but has a quiet and obvious shrewdness: his face is that of a man who has his own way, even if it is easily broken by a smile, and his voice is deep, strong and calm.

He was born in 1895 in Harper, Maryland County, in the east of Liberia. His father was Alexander Tubman, former Speaker of the Liberian House of Representatives and a Methodist Minister, descended from U.S. Negro settlers who emigrated to the newly founded colony for ex-slaves in 1834, from Augusta, Georgia. (Alexander's wife Rebecca emigrated to Liberia from the same State in 1872.) William entered the Methodist Cape Palmas Seminary, which he left in 1913 to teach. But he came into the narrow circle which expects and is expected to hold office in Liberia and, while teaching, read for the Bar, the traditional standby in most countries. Called to it in 1917, he had a flourishing practice.

Entering government service as a Recorder in the Monthly Probate Court, the young Tubman soon became Collector of Internal Revenue and a Country Attorney. Under the Liberian system, civil service or judicial office does not close the door to politics, and in 1923, at the age of 28, he became the youngest Liberian ever to be elected to the country's 10-man Legislature—a victory credited by some to his great popularity as a 'country man's lawyer'. He remained a Senator until he became Speaker, in 1937.

He first went abroad in 1928, to a Methodist Conference in London, whence he returned home via Europe. As President-Elect he visited President Roosevelt in 1943, and in 1945 made a state visit to Spain. In 1954, he went to the United States as President Eisenhower's guest, and returned via Haiti and Cuba where he was Sir Hugh Foot's guest and where a British ship was put at his disposal. His famous yacht, which some have called extravagant, but which the Liberian Government claims to be essential for coastal communication, has been lying in Freetown harbour, this year when the President

made his very popular state visit to Sierra Leone. In 1956, he paid a most successful state visit to five countries of Western Europe. This year, too, he has played host to the Governor-General of Nigeria and the Governor of Sierra Leone, while in December the Queen's one day visit to Monrovia will bring a host of journalists to Liberia.

Last year the President emerged as a figure in Pan-African politics when he led his country's delegation to the Conference of Independent States in Accra. This year he put forward a proposal for "Associated States of Africa", with the novel suggestion that the Association should be open not only to independent States but to those—and he has made it plain that he has in mind particularly Nigeria—who have fixed dates for their independence. He has declared his dislike of theoretical Pan-Africanism or utopian federations, and his Association would confine itself to strictly practical forms of co-operation such as removal of customs barriers. It might be thought that in some way Mr. Tubman's proposals mean rivalry with the Ghana-Guinea Union; but the Liberian visit of President Sekou Touré of Guinea and Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana in July to discuss African affairs with President Tubman showed that these two leaders respect his importance.

His achievements are remarkable, and personal. He is the government of Liberia, the country's most hard-working man and perhaps its shrewdest. He has ensured economic development almost entirely by encouraging overseas capital, but he has diminished the consequent risk of economic domination by seeking it from countries other than the U.S.A. He has a stepped-up taxation on Firestone and the American Bomi Hill iron-ore enterprise, though recognizing that low taxation is one of Liberia's attractions. (For some Liberians, his regime may be remembered as the one which introduced income tax; while for a great part of the world, Liberian taxation is so low that shipowners prefer to register in Monrovia rather than at home.)

The interest now shown in trade with and investment in Liberia by firms in Europe is, indeed, amazing. The Ita Medico Banca, a subsidiary of three big Italian banks, for example, is now established in Liberia and assists Italian traders there, while Italian contractors are building roads and public buildings. The Liberian Government is considering concessions to Italian groups for plantation rice growing, since the country urgently needs to increase its food supply if any of its present projects

be started. An Italian group is interested in an iron-ore concession—which makes Italy the sixth country to be interested in Liberia's vast iron-ore deposits. They are already being worked by American and Swedish interests, while German interests are developing a concession, and Dutch and French interests have examined the possibilities. Manganese is another mineral being developed, and a Swiss group holds a concession in which there is said to be manganese.

Diamonds inevitably interest some foreigners, and a Frenchman wants to start a diamond-cutting business in Monrovia. Firestone gave Liberia the plantation pattern, and whatever criticisms can be made of it, Firestone's own enterprise has been a base to the Liberian economy which otherwise it could never have had. Now there are many other plantations—the American Fruit Company, a German firm, is already establishing rubber, cocoa, and banana plantations: a big Swiss chocolate firm is interested in a cocoa plantation; other overseas firms want to establish oil-palm plantations and to enter the palm produce trade; there is Dutch interest in cashew nuts—and so goes on. Indeed there is already a labour shortage, and food becoming very expensive—Liberia's population may not be much greater than a million. The public services, notably the Post Office, may find increased development a strain (the possibility of leasing the telephone service to an overseas firm has been considered), while there are obvious political problems when a flood of overseas enterprises arrive.

Yet President Tubman, calm and sure of himself, seems to know what he is doing. Once he had decided on his "open-door" policy, he had no reservations; and it is largely confidence in the man himself which gives overseas investors confidence in Liberia. He wants people who will put something into Liberia, who will train Liberians, add to the country's social services, diversify its economy, and lessen its dependence on any particular outside country, and he is getting them.

Into Monrovia, already so transformed physically that John Barth's description is obsolete, there naturally has come a metropolitan crowd—to a visitor brought up on Graham Greene's "Top Hats and Tom Toms", they are a surprising feature of Tubman's Monrovia, whose well-established Liberian upper classes and rapidly growing European population sustain reasonable restaurants, night clubs, and hairdressers—but poor shops. Not all the Europeans have a contribution to make to develop-

ment. On the doors of bedrooms at the air-conditioned City Hotel is a notice reminding guests that dealing in precious stones like hawking of any kind, is not permitted in hotel bedrooms. Some visitors naturally assume that the notice refers to diamonds smuggled in from Sierra Leone; in fact it refers to Liberia's own short-lived 1957 diamond boom, which President Tubman ended by closing the workings, to which thousands of men had rushed, until production could be organized in an orderly manner. Though no proper survey has been made it is likely that a rich diamond field exists here in an area not far from the Sierra Leone border: but the City Hotel, though accommodating a surprising number of overseas businessmen, now seems to house no dealers in precious stones, since Liberia's production is temporarily reduced, while the diamond slump and more successful police action seem to have stopped the leak from Sierra Leone.

Certainly there are a number of mystery men around, and the ideal place to see them is the bar at Monrovia airport, which is well-developed for smaller aircraft like the Air France D.C. 3 which do not use the big Robertsfield airport 40 miles away. At the recent visit of Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who piloted his own aircraft into Monrovia Airport, stimulating improvement. But most non-Liberians in Liberia are doing a good job, and are made welcome by everybody from the President downwards. In spite of fixed ideas to the contrary, Americans are not much in evidence outside Firestone's area: half the European staff of the U.S.-owned Bomi Hills iron-ore mines are Dutch and Swiss, while in Liberian government service there are now Germans, Spaniards and Italians.

President Tubman's critics say that he tries to do too much, and it is true that even minor appointments and contracts need his approval. The President of Liberia is invested with enormous power, including the making of judicial appointments, and President Tubman uses it. He has an eagle eye for proper dress on ceremonial occasions, and does not forgive infringement; he insists on formality not for its own sake, but because he believes that Liberia cannot afford slackness in anything. He has extended the franchise to women, many of whom play an important role in his administration; but visiting democrats find the one-party system still firmly established in Liberia, where the True Whig Party monopolises the chief offices, and opposition is both difficult and ineffectual (the attempt on the President

in 1955, however, seems to have had a personal motive). Foreign policy, too, has critics, who think him too "pro-tern," and his latest move, the acceptance of an Ambassador to Chiang Kai-Shek's China, testifies to a respectably zealous Communism (though the term is loosely defined in Liberia). President Tubman has been lucky, in that his rule has coincided with a period of high raw material prices, with the activities of U.N. specialised agencies in Liberia, and with American enthusiasm for "aid". But he has taken advantage of his luck, and has done his best to gear up his Government machine to cope with the problems of development, not hesitating to employ foreigners even in important jobs when necessary. It is precisely because of the changes he has brought that he is certain to be the last President to rule directly: his successor will rely onordinates, and the right men will be hard to find.

Perhaps this picture suggests a man who is just a ruthless machine. The President is not that. Shadrach Tubman (in spite of numerous honorary degrees, he does not use "Dr.") tells a good story, and has a reputation as a bon viveur, at whose executive mansion, pleasant country house and yacht the finest food and wines are served. He likes to relax in the exclusive Saturday Afternoon Club, where he is accessible to his friends; he is accessible, too, to the humblest of his people, and entry to the executive mansion for an interview is not difficult. Though 15 years of supreme power he has kept a sense of proportion, and in spite of the adulation he receives and the dignity of his name in Liberia, he is still "Shad". His wife, Monette, granddaughter of a former President, shares his popularity, and cheerful children make the big executive mansion a home.

At all the Inauguration celebrations of 1956 the scene that greeted him came the first day. Mr. Tubman was standing on a balcony wearing top hat, white tie, tails and covered with decorations, watching a military procession in the company of the Russian delegates. Past him floated one of the myraid balloons released in his honour. He caught it and negligently tossed it to his famous cigar, to the delight of the crowd below. Actor, perhaps; but the man who, for the time being, seems to know what Liberia wants.

THE BELGIAN CONGO (I): REVOLT OF THE ELITE

COLIN LEGUM

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BELGIAN colonialism—so long admired by paternalists as the most successful experiment in purposeful and gradual colonial evolution—collapsed with a speed that is without parallel in Asia or Africa. How did it happen? And what are the likely consequences of the abandonment by the Belgians of their former policies in the Congo? I will try to answer the first of these questions in this article, and the second in a subsequent one.

At the outset it is important to note that the riots that struck Leopoldville with such sudden anger on January 4, 1959, were the sequel and not the cause of the abandonment by the Belgians of their proud paternalist rule. The causes run much deeper, and there are important lessons to be learned from them by the multi-racial communities of South Africa, Central Africa and Kenya. The Portuguese, too, could, if they chose to lift their blind eye from Goa, learn from the Belgian experience.

The Belgians, on the whole, were quick to understand the implications of the changes that began to occur in the Congo since 1946. They have shown a subtlety and flexibility that are quite remarkable. But whether their new policies will go far or fast enough to secure the aims to which Belgium is now committed remains to be seen. What they hope to achieve now is the peaceful transformation of the Congo into an autonomous African State which will voluntarily agree to enter into a new relationship within a Belgian-Congolese Community.

For the moment, the Belgians realize that the Belgian-Congolese Community is a dirty word with African nationalist leaders because it was used in the past as a façade for the continuation of colonialism—rather like *apartheid* or *partnership*. The successful resurrection of this idea will depend on whether influential African leaders will choose to make this idea their own. It might well become one of the divisive issues between the rival Congolese nationalist movements. But, at present, the demand for independence is the intoxicating vote-winner.

For the Congolese, independence is a brand-new word. Until quite recently, no African leader dared to use the word in public. It was released like a bullet into the brittle silence of

ngo politics, not by an African, but by a Belgian professor, A. A. J. van Bilsen. At first, cautiously, and then more boldly, African leaders took up the cry, until its force became irresistible.

The leaders of the independence movement are the Congolese who, for years, were the precious show-pieces of the Belgian administration. The creation of an African middle-class was a central feature of Belgian policy: an *élite* of *évolués*, it was believed, would become the ally of the Belgians in maintaining stability and pursuing reforms in a slow and orderly fashion.

This idea is not peculiar to the Belgians. It has for long been at the forefront of the thinking of both Lord Malvern and Sir Evelyn Welensky in Central Africa, and of Michael Blundell in Kenya. To the credit of their political intelligence, it has never been the policy of the Afrikaner Nationalists. Superficially, the concept of a solid African bourgeoisie, with vested interests in the *status quo*, is not without its attractions. What it overlooks is that revolutions are never made by hungry peasants or by slum-dwelling working-classes: they are made by the middle-class lawyer, teacher, businessman, doctor and clerk who feels himself capable of doing something concrete about righting the wrongs inflicted upon him. It is the independent-minded citizen who invariably leads the masses: that is why all African and Asian nationalist movements are originally led by middle-class elements. This is what happened in the Congo.

The revolt of the *élite* began rather obscurely through the formation of what might be likened to old-boys clubs. Because political associations were prohibited in the Congo, the educated Congolese invariably turned to ADAPES (Association des Anciens élèves des Pères de Scheut) which had followed a rather tranquil course since 1925. Significantly, in the years following the second world war, its membership shot up to 15,000, while its activities were widened to include study circles.

At the same time there was an accretion in the strength of old-boys associations such as Marist Brothers (UNELMA), the Christian Schools (ASANEF), and the schools of the Jesuit Fathers. They formed "circles of the *évolués*" which spread down to the smallest villages. The Belgian authorities and the Church looked with pride on these developments.

Gradually, the tidily-dressed and ambitious clerks and other white-collar earners in the Administration and in Commerce formed themselves in 1946 into a nation-wide association of employees,

APIC (l'Association du Personnel Indigène du Congo Belge et du Ruanda-Urundi). APIC offered a forum for employees to discuss their wages and conditions, their lack of opportunities to rise, and their experiences at the hands of unsympathetic White supervisors; discussions that led straight to questions of ideology, such as equal pay for equal work and the colour bar. The names of practically all the present Congolese leaders figure first as office-bearers in these 'harmless' associations.

Another form of association favoured by the authorities was that devoted to a study of 'social' questions. The best-known of these was UNISCO (l'Union des Intérêts Sociaux Congolais), whose members were mainly secondary school pupils. Their first chairman was the highly respectable senior clerk of the Governor-General. Among the most prominent office-holders of UNISCO and ADAPES was Joseph Kasavubu, today one of the Congo's leading politicians.

Kasavubu is the 42-year-old grandson of a Chinese coolie who worked on the construction of the first Congo railway, and who subsequently married a woman of the Bakongo tribe. The young Kasavubu was educated in Roman Catholic schools, first in the Greek and Latin humanities and later in philosophy and theology. He chose teaching as his career, but forsook it to join the Finance Department of the Governor-General's Office. As if to compensate for his mixed origins, Kasavubu's tribal attachments are particularly strong: they colour the whole of his political ideas. His militant tribal and nationalist consciousness was revealed in one of his earliest addresses to UNISCO, in 1946, which had repercussions for years afterwards.

The programme he unfolded was dynamite for those times: equal pay for equal work; Congolese association with the Administration; an urban charter; abolition of the colour bar in all public places. Equally symptomatic of his thinking was his demand of "Congo for the Congolese" and the "Lower Congo for the Bakongo". This latter demand foreshadowed the formation of *Abako* nearly ten years later, an "Association of the Bakongo for the unification, conservation and expansion of their language."

The formation of tribal associations was the third stage in the development of the Congolese political movement, and flowed directly from the old boys', employees', and social associations. As in South Africa, the Belgian authorities fostered tribal development in the rural areas, and this was carried over into the urban

ntres.

The Lower Congo—with Leopoldville as its throbbing capital—lies in the Bakongo territory. The Bakongo once constituted an important African Kingdom, which in the 18th Century extended across both sides of the Congo River and embraced parts of the present Belgian Congo, French Congo and Angola. The Bakongo did not take easily to Belgian rule. They were, at first, slow to send their children to schools, and against Christianity they set their tribal religio-political movement which later grew into Kibanguism*.

Unlike the Bakongo, the Bangala tribes from the Upper Congo took quickly to Western association. They established themselves in force in Leopoldville so that, by the time the Bakongo arrived as urban dwellers, the élite of Leopoldville was largely Bangala, and the Bakongo were numerically outnumbered. Thus *Abako* was later established as an instrument to re-assert Bakongo influence in the Lower Congo. This led to tribal opposition between the Bangala and Bakongo associations. *Abako*, under the dynamic leadership of Kasavubu—who came to be spoken of as the uncrowned King of the Bakongo—forged rapidly ahead. Progress for the Liboke-lya Bangala was much more difficult, because they were divided into eight separate tribal units and because they did not have the same negative emotional factors to spur them on.

In 1957, when the Belgians introduced a limited experiment in democratic elections for the major urban councils, the Bakongo's unity and superior organization enabled them to flatten the Bangala in Leopoldville, securing 62% of the total vote. Thus Kasavubu became the mayor of Dendale in Leopoldville: a platform he used with great skill and determination to champion the cause of *Abako*.

But the turning-point in the Congo came well before 1957. The period between 1946-50 had produced the fabric of social and political organizations; between 1950-55 the circles of the elite began to voice demands for social, economic and political reforms. During this decade the Congolese were slowly discovering their right to express political opinions, albeit disguised under polite social and educational cloaks.

By the opening of 1955, the Congo was clearly beginning to

*Named after Simon Kibangu, a Protestant teacher who set himself up as a Messiah. With twelve Apostles he taught a tribal religion in opposition to Christianity and to the whites. He received a life imprisonment sentence after a period of turbulence in 1921, and died a repentant Roman Catholic in 1956.

show signs of discomfort. Increasing political activity among the Congolese was finding few useful and responsible channels for action; while the Belgian authorities, conscious that something had to be done, were tardy and inhibited about making a major move forward. It only needed a catalytic agent to break the uneasy truce. This was the role of Prof. A. A. J. van Bilsen, whose bold intervention in the middle of 1955 started a rapid process which effectively blew the top off the Congo's paternalistic pressures.

Van Bilsen, a 46-year-old professor at the University Institute for Overseas Territories at Antwerp, had been interested in Africa all his life. He had taken a law doctorate at the Roman Catholic University of Lovanium with a view to entering the colonial service. But the outbreak of the last war diverted his activities into the Belgian freedom and underground struggles so that he first set foot in the Congo in 1946. He quickly established wide contacts with both Africans and Belgians and developed an unconventional attitude towards Belgium's proper role in the Congo. But before venturing to express any opinion he travelled in South Africa and later visited many other parts of the continent.

On his return to the Congo in 1954 he formulated his views in an important document entitled "A Thirty Year Plan for the Political Emancipation of Belgian Africa". He criticized Belgium for allowing the Congo to be governed with virtually no parliamentary control, and he attacked the unbalanced growth of industrialization on the basis of the American pattern rooted in social-paternalism. He contrasted the failure of the Belgian Administration in not training a single African doctor, veterinarian or engineer, with the success of the missions in producing hundreds of priests and a bishop. "The Church thus shows," he commented acidly, "that in the backward countries it is a more dynamic and progressive force than the State."

But he went much further. "The colonial imperialism of the past half century is gone forever." Nor did he lament its passing. Provided the Belgians set about purposefully creating fully democratic and economically viable independent states in the Congo and in the neighbouring trusteeship territory of Ruanda-Urundi over a period of 30 years, he felt that Belgium's heritage in Africa would yet be a proud one.

Van Bilsen's programme had an immediate and dramatic impact. Its timing was dead right. In Belgium the Socialist Party

at long last beginning to find its true voice in colonial affairs. The Roman Catholic Church, led by brilliant thinkers like Her van 't Wing, was becoming increasingly aware of the need to put itself on the side of the growing African consciousness. Both the Socialists and the Roman Catholic Social Action Group reacted favourably to van Bilsen's ideas.

The Congolese took enthusiastically to van Bilsen's views, which lent sanction to their right to talk openly about independence. Thus in the middle of 1956 a group of évolués, writing in "Conscience Africaine" (a Catholic-sponsored publication), openly spoke of political independence for the Congo. Their manifesto spoke of the destiny of the Congo, lying in the heart of Africa, as a great nation of the future. "The colour of one's skin," they said, "offers no single privilege." They warned that the concept of a "Belgian-Congolese Community" was deeply suspect in African minds. But, they quickly added, there would be no hostility towards Belgium provided it undertook sincerely and unequivocally to co-operate in achieving the Congo's independence within 30 years.

Abako was the next to take up the challenge. The authorship of the "Conscience Africaine" manifesto was largely Bangala, and they had gained some advantage over the Bakongo by putting themselves in the vanguard of the demand for freedom. Joseph Kasavubu, speaking at a public meeting in August 1956, criticized the "Conscience Africaine" group as being unwilling to forge the political instruments necessary to implement their ideas. "Our patience," he exclaimed, "is exhausted . . . When the hour comes, a nation will not wait." But even he was willing to accept the 30-year plan, provided the Congolese were actively associated in formulating its details.

But the Belgians made the mistake of ignoring this demand. Their long-promised Study Group to formulate a new policy for the Congo was set up in Belgium with purely Belgian members; nor was there any evidence of an early decision.

It is a characteristic of modern Africa that political events do not move peacefully in ones and twos, but haphazardly at sixes and sevens. Three widely different events helped to speed the process that was to topple Belgium off balance—Gen. de Gaulle's ascent to power; the Pan-African People's Conference in Accra; and the World Fair at Brussels.

In August 1958 de Gaulle arrived in Brazzaville, on the bank of the Congo opposite to Leopoldville. There he told the French

Congolese that their choice in the future was between membership of the French Community as autonomous republics, or complete independence. The évolués in Leopoldville cheered de Gaulle. Only two days after his speech, an influential group of évolués addressed a respectful but firm memoir to the Governor-General of the Congo. They criticized the Government's failure to include any Africans in the Study Group. "We fear", they wrote, "that without the co-operation of the Congolese the Study Group will produce a unilateral attitude, inspired by conservatism rooted in a spirit of colonialism, which would seriously upset the Africans." They firmly stated their demand for eventual complete independence.

The leader of this group was Patrice Lumumbu, who now shares with Joseph Kasavubu the distinction of leading Congolese nationalist opinion. Lumumbu first came to prominence as chairman of the "Liberal Friends Circle" in Stanleyville where he was prominent in évolué affairs. After eleven years of exemplary service in the postal service, he was convicted of falsity and sent to prison. On his release he established himself in Leopoldville, where he rapidly gained a reputation as a brilliant pamphleteer and orator. At first his relationship with Kasavubu was strained, but later it improved.

Lumumbu's group followed up their démarche to the Governor-General by creating a new political movement, Le Mouvement National Congolais (MNC). It was the forerunner of a mushroom growth of smaller parties and movements which occurred in the six months spanning the end of 1958 and the beginning of 1959. The aim of MNC was to prepare "the masses and the élite to take control of public affairs"; to speed the process of democratization; to implement the Declaration of Human Rights; and, by peaceful negotiation, to do everything possible to free the Congo from colonialism.

Unlike *Abako*, MNC sought to combat all forms of regional separatism and to create unity in the higher interests of the Congo as a whole. The drift of *Abako* towards regional separatism of the Lower Congo continued. Its old opponents, the Bangala, formed a new group, the Union Progressiste Congolese (UPCO) which pursued the moderate aim of achieving internal autonomy within a Belgian-Congolese Community (rather similar to the French African republics). Like the MNC, the UPCO set itself fiercely against attempts to divide the country on tribal or regional lines.

It was during this time that scores of prominent Congolese leaders were invited by the Belgian Government to attend the World Fair at Brussels. There, for the first time, leaders from all parts of the country found themselves in close and continuous association with each other. Previously many of them had never known each other, and knew little or nothing of each other's ideas. One result of this fortuitous gathering was the gradual development of a new political movement, the Mouvement pour le Progrès National Congolais (MPNC).

Although the MPNC was not formally launched until after the Leopoldville riots, its seedling time was during the critical first few months of 1958. Its leaders were évolués studying at the missions in Belgium and leaders of élite circles in places like Stanleyville, Coquilhatville, Bukavu, Luluaberg, Elizabethville and Kilo-Moto, as well as Leopoldville. Neither the *Abako* nor the MNC leaders were associated with it, but the Bangala leaders, always anxious to extend their alliances, were among its most prominent supporters. One of its most prominent protagonists was a Protestant, Bertin Tumba.

When it was finally launched, the MPNC fully endorsed the government declaration of policy issued after the Leopoldville riots. It did not commit itself firmly to either complete independence or internal autonomy. It emphasized the importance of economic and social development, and of national unity. Disunity, it said, would result in "the return to the stagnation of our race, and to our ancestral poverty." A weak national movement would result in disintegration and a return to tribal wars. Much of the manifesto was couched in the kind of language that lends a great deal of favour with settlers and colonial regimes, and which results in its being described as a movement of moderates."

Finally, there was the third factor which preceded the Leopoldville upheaval—the All-African People's Conference in Accra on December 5, 1958. The Belgian authorities put no obstacles in the way of the *Abako* and the MNC leaders who had been invited to attend the conference. But Joseph Kasavubu failed to make the trip because his inoculation certificates were not in order. Thus only Patrice Lumumbu and his MNC colleagues spoke for the Congo at Accra.

They returned to Leopoldville on December 28 and addressed an enthusiastic mass meeting there. Lumumbu made a full-blooded nationalist speech in which he announced that the MNC

programme fully endorsed the Accra decisions favouring immediate independence for all African countries. (The 30-year programme towards independence was no longer an aim).

Six days later the riots occurred in Leopoldville. The immediate cause was a march by 30,000 unemployed workers in the city. The *Abako* leaders were arrested and their movement proscribed. No action was taken against the MNC or other parties. In a flash the long delayed reforms for the Congo were announced by the King of the Belgians. He promised independence "without harmful procrastination but also without thoughtless haste."

In the end the *Abako* leaders were never brought to trial. Kasavubu and his principal lieutenants were set free in Belgium and later returned home, where Kasavubu was restored as mayor of Dendale. A parliamentary commission was despatched to the Congo and produced a report of great significance. It has, so far, received very little attention outside of Belgium. This is unfortunate because its analysis of the dilemma of multi-racial societies in Africa is remarkable. I will discuss this report and the subsequent developments in the Congo in a second article.

This political survey will be complete if we examine the political movements that grew up as a result of the Leopoldville disturbances and the Government declaration of independence.

At the time of the Leopoldville riots, the position of the political movements was as follows:

The *Abako*, led by Joseph Kasavubu and Kanza, the champion of independence and of a regional federation of the Bakongo with a long-term policy of recreating the Kingdom of the Bakongo to embrace parts of the French Congo (now the Congo Republic) and Angola.

The *Liboke-lya Bangala*, a federation of Upper Congo tribes favouring internal autonomy within a Belgian-Congolese community, under the leadership of Jean Bolikango.

The *National Congolese Movement* (MNC) which championed national unity and complete independence for the whole of the Congo, and having an affinity with the Socialist Party of Belgium.

The *Congolese Progressive Union* with a rather nebulous programme, led by a distinguished Bangala journalist, Mwissa Camus.

After January, 1959, political parties sprouted like flowers after the rains in the Karroo.

The settlers in the Katanga Province launched the *Rassemblement Congolais* as a "partnership" party with the Congolese, seeking to maintain the higher ideals of European civilization and rejecting all forms of racial discrimination. It favours internal autonomy for the Congo within a Belgian-Congolese Federation. The fluid Bangala Federation made a new appearance under the title of *Interfédérale* which was soon converted into a purely social movement, with the political work entrusted to the *Union congolaise*, led by Jean Bolikango. It is a federation of tribal or ethnical associations dedicated to the creation of a democratic and independent Congolese nation.

The proscribed *Abako* was succeeded by the Parti Démocrate Congolais (PDC) dedicated to the immediate achievement of independence of the Congo. It also found expression in the Mouvement de Regroupement des Populations Congolaises (MRPC) which expressly advocated the restoration of the old Bakongo Kingdom "on both banks of the Congo, from the Balari to the Loango, the Bambala to the Bawoyo, the Bayaka to the Kassolongo."

The MPNC, dreamed up as I have already described at the World Fair in Brussels, also saw the light of day.

With this proliferation of parties and movements, the Congolese leaders turned their attention towards securing a framework of unity to prevent the divisions in their ranks being exploited by the colonial administration as an excuse for delaying independence. To this end a congress was convened at Luluabourg in April 1959 which was attended by 52 delegates. But the outcome of their talks was indecisive. Nor, indeed, does there seem much hope at present of any great unification movement.

The main divisions between the various parties (aside from tribal distinctions) are over complete independence as opposed to internal autonomy with some form of permanent association with Belgium; national unity or regional separatism; immediate independence or a longer process of decolonialisation. All are agreed on ultimate freedom; on the immediate eradication of racial discrimination; and on the importance of Belgium's continued contribution towards the economic and educational development of the Congo.

SPORT LEADS THE WAY

ANTHONY STEEL

Secretary, Campaign Against Race Discrimination in Sport

IN the last issue of 'Africa South', my colleague Dennis Brutus, Secretary of the South African Sports Association, gave an account of the fight being waged by the non-European sportsmen of South Africa for international recognition. In his reference to the outcry caused by the omission of all except white athletes from the South African and Rhodesian teams at the Empire Games in Cardiff last July, Mr. Brutus mentions the establishment of the Campaign Against Race Discrimination in Sport, and this article deals with the contribution that the Campaign hopes to make towards the recognition by South Africa of the international principle that *the only criterion for judging a sportsman is ability and keenness, and not the colour of his skin.*

The first step in establishing our Campaign was to gain the support of distinguished British people, so that it would have considerable status. The first to lend their names as sponsors were Fenner Brockway M.P., J. P. W. Mallalieu M.P. (both Labour), Jo Grimond M.P. (Liberal), E. Bullus M.P. (Conservative), J. B. Priestley, Prof. A. J. Ayer (Professor of Philosophy at London University), Sir Julian Huxley, the Archbishop of York, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, and the Chief Rabbi. We then felt able to approach leading British sportsmen with the suggestion that they sign a letter which would be sent to the 'Times', condemning the colour-bar in South African sport, as reflected at the Empire Games; and calling upon sportsmen to work to persuade the international federations controlling each sport to adopt the Olympic principle. Two great sportsmen, known to millions all over the world, signed the letter published in the 'Times' on 17th July 1958, two days before the start of the Empire Games.

The next step was to circulate leading British Sports Clubs asking them to pass resolutions urging their national associations to raise the question of the adoption of the Olympic principle by their appropriate international federation; and in the sports world at least, we gained considerable immediate support. Many leading clubs such as Bristol Rovers, Hull City, West Ham United, and Dundee United passed such resolutions; and indeed the Bristol Rovers resolution was signed by all the first eleven.

the reserves, the chairman, manager, assistant manager, secretary, masseur, coaches and trainers! A wonderful gesture!

The next objective of the Campaign was the meeting of the International Olympics Committee at Munich in May, 1959. A letter instancing the flouting of the Olympic principle by South Africa and calling upon the I.O.C. to apply its own charter sincerely, was circulated amongst outstanding people all over the world. Such disparate figures as the Archbishops of York and Cape Town, Maurice Chevalier, Trygve Lie, Alberto Moravia, Bertrand Russell, Jean Borotra, Sir John Hunt, and Emil Zatopek signed the letter. In all, 21 great names appeared on the letter, which was sent together with a memorandum to M. Otto Mayer, the Chancellor of the Olympics Committee, who placed the matter upon the Committee's agenda. All national Olympic committees were sent copies of the letter and memorandum.

At the meeting of the I.O.C., India, Egypt and the Soviet Union strongly supported the memorandum sent by the South African Sports Association and by this Campaign. To avert the possibility of expulsion, the South African official representative gave an undertaking (since confirmed by the South African Olympic and Commonwealth Games Association—SAOCCA) that his association would do all it could to further the interests of non-white sportsmen in the Union, and would certainly have no objection to their inclusion in future South African Olympic teams, if they were good enough. The Union Government has since stated that it would not withhold passports from non-white sportsmen so selected. Much remains to be seen. At present all the sports associations affiliated to the SAOCCA are exclusively white ones. Will their rules be altered to admit enthusiasts irrespective of race? Will open trials between sportsmen of different races be arranged? Whatever happens, however, the SAOCCA has on paper committed itself to the principle that sports representation should be on the basis of merit, not pigmentation. We will follow this undertaking up in every way possible, to ensure that non-European sportsmen in South Africa who reach Olympic standards are selected for their country. The principle has now been conceded, and this represents a reversal of the whole political and social trend in the Union.

THE ONE CRITERION

NICOLAS STACEY

I recently accepted an invitation to join the Committee of the Campaign Against Race Discrimination in Sport for two reasons.

As an ex-International and Olympic athlete, I know that international sport becomes a farce and mockery unless in the words of the Olympic Charter "no discrimination is permitted on grounds of race, religion or politics".

If a national team is not made up of the best possible sportsmen available it ceases to be a truly national team. The aim of every aspiring sportsman is to represent his country. That some people should be denied this honour simply on grounds of their colour is as unfair as it is nonsensical.

For years I ran fairly consistently second to one of the greatest sprinters in the world—Mr. Macdonald Bailey, a coloured man. Because of him I was denied almost every major athletic honour. But I would not have had it any other way. He was a better runner than I was.

If we had had race discrimination in sport in England, I should have won many titles, but they would have been hollow and valueless victories.

Race discrimination in sport is really a misnomer, because if there is race discrimination it ceases to be sport. In sport there should be only one criterion; that of ability.

As one who believes in the Christian Faith and feebly endeavours to live out its principles, race discrimination in sport is clean contrary to my fundamental and deeply held beliefs.

I hope that the white South African national "sporting" bodies which at the moment admit only white South Africans will immediately make their organisations truly sporting by admitting men on equal terms. If they refuse, I believe that international sporting bodies should refuse to recognise these unrepresentative South African bodies, and that 'white-only' South African sport should be barred from international sport.

TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE X: LAND, LABOUR, LITERATURE

DR. A. C. JORDAN

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THE Xhosa prose and verse writings of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century provide a wealth of material not only on the intellectual and literary development of the African peoples, but also on the drastic political, economic and social changes affecting all groups in Southern Africa.

The Nongqawuse cattle-killing episode had broken the economic independence of the Xhosa, hunger and poverty driving them in large numbers into the Colony to earn a livelihood as labourers. Though not yet subdued, the Xhosa chiefs had lost their political and military power. Some of their people, e.g. a section of the Ndlambe and almost the entire Gqunukhwebe, had become Christian. From these and the "loyal Fingoes" there developed not only a class of preachers and teachers, but also a kind of "police tribe", whom the Colonial Government moved into the tracts of land depopulated by the famine and pestilence that had resulted from the cattle-killing. Fingoes and other tribal groups displaced by the inter-tribe Mfecane Wars were pushed away from the Colony and into the "empty spaces" and "no-man's lands" immediately bordering upon unconquered territories and the annexed territories that could not yet be "trusted". Together with the descendents of Ntsikana's disciples and the white missionaries, they carried the "Word" and literacy to these areas. But they also acted as the "ears of the Government", and they set the example to the backward peoples" by encouraging their sons to go and work in the industrial centres. For this was a period of industrial expansion, and there was a desperate need for labour in the mining industry and its concomitants, like the railways. The Trek Boers were involved in a life-and-death struggle with the indigenous peoples, especially in the Transvaal with the Pedi people under their chief, Sekhukhuni. Everywhere there was unrest, because the shortage of labour necessitated the acceleration of the Wars of Dispossession, in order that all the "able-bodied men" could be squeezed out of their tribal territories and into the labour market. Labour-recruiting Native Commissioners were no less active than the

missionaries in the "backward areas", and there was a poor scramble for converts amongst the church bodies. Literacy was developing in quality as well as in quantity; and all this constitutes the subject-matter of the literature composed during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century.

By 1870, the stage was set for the last phase of the War of Dispossession. The writers of the period have a great deal to say about the events they were living through; but what we are most grateful for is the unconscious co-operation between them and the tribal bards. The intellectuals write straightforward narratives, and the tribal bards compose and recite praise-poems in the traditional manner, often making references in figurative language to the incidents narrated by the intellectuals. In this way, much that would otherwise be obscure in the traditional praise-poem is elucidated by the straightforward historical record. Here we can only indicate briefly the nature of this co-operation:

(1) The intellectual writes that, as a result of starvation, the victims of the Nongqawuse fraud have become homeless wanderers, out of touch with any form of tradition, because their white employer does not really accept them into his society. The tribal bard says:

*"Nongqawuse created the homeless squatters;
Can it be that she spoke the truth?
'Slaughter your cattle! But save the dogs,
For plenty of wild game is coming!'"*

(2) The intellectual describes the mass removals of "pagan tribes" to fill the "empty spaces". The tribal bard says:

*"He has made the Fingoes defiant,
Depriving us of land and power.
See how they stretch from Cwecweni to Ngquthu,
How they turn Phalo's land upside down!"*

(3) In the general rising of 1880-1, when the African tribes protested against the Act of Disarmament, the followers of the Mpondomise chief, Mhlontlo, killed the Qumbu magistrate, "Resident", Anthony Hope, and then tried to break through Basutoland to make common cause with the Basotho who were engaged in the Gun War. But they were held up by the

ubi" under their chief Zibi, until the colonial troops and their black allies came and defeated Mhlontlo. The tribal bard says of Zibi:

*"He is the Foiler of the mighty elephant,
For he foiled Mhlontlo and returned unscathed."*

(4) Mhlontlo, however, managed to escape, and was for a long time in hiding while the red-coats sought high and low for him. The tribal bard says:

*"The red-coats throng the Tsitsa Falls,
Awaiting the return of Mhlontlo
Whose name is loathsome to the whites,
For he killed their Resident Hope."*

(5) Finally Mhlontlo eluded the red-coats, crossed the Gqili (Orange River) and reached Basutoland, where he found sanctuary. Meanwhile the Colony was engaged in unsuccessful war against the Basotho. The tribal bard says:

*"We espied the trail of Mhlontlo;
He traversed Silwanyana's and vanished in the Gqili;
But the land of the Sotho is a stronghold of mountains
Whence they hurl the spear and the battle-axe,
Putting the white warriors to flight."*

(6) When the Mpondo chief, Sigcawu, came to meet Major Elliot and the Kokstad Resident, Macdonald, his entourage made a display that was interpreted as an act of defiance. Sigcawu was sent to prison. In protest, a large crowd of his followers demanded to be imprisoned with him, "because their chief could not spend a single day or night in a strange house without attendants."

The tribal bard says:

*Thou snake with ever-lengthening tail
That impeded the house of the white men,
Even the houses of Meja and Madonele.*

There are numerous other references of this nature in the praise-poems of this period. And an interesting feature about

them is that the allusions to the exploits of any chief are necessarily confined to his own praises. For instance, of allusions to Mhlontlo that have been quoted, none appears in his own praises. They appear in the praises of contemporaries who were obviously taking a lively interest in what was going on elsewhere. This means that the vision of the tribal boundaries of themselves was broadening, and their tribes had begun to regard themselves as units of a much bigger whole than hitherto.

The Church Bodies

The attitude of the African intellectuals to the rivalry among the churches is best illustrated by an editorial in *'ISIGIDIMBA'* of August 1st, 1875.

"It amazes us to find that people who should know how to live side by side in peace, who ought to forget that So-and-so belongs to this church, and So-and-so to that one, never cease to quarrel amongst themselves. As for us, this is one thing that we can never understand. We thought they had brought the Saviour, one God, because they carry one and the same Book of Scriptures, which will save any one who accepts it, no matter what church he belongs. These quarrels amongst the missionaries puzzle not only the Christians at the schools. Even the pagans are discussing them, wondering which one to believe in. For a missionary belonging to a certain church comes to us and says, 'Beware of the So-and-so's', whereas these So-and-so's bring to us the same Scriptures that he has been preaching. We remember a certain Sabbath Day when a pagan said, 'Count me in, men, we do hear you, but we are still at a loss. We do not know which God to follow, whether the *Rhabe* one (Presbyterian) or the *Wesile* one (Wesleyan)'."

Linguistics and Semantics

The intellectuals were now taking a lively, active interest in other languages too. Hitherto, the Xhosa people had only known Xhosa and English, and perhaps a little Dutch, while a very small section of theologians had been introduced to Greek and Latin. But the coming together of people in the industrial areas brought a number of African languages together. They therefore find an occasional article on the linguistic structure of some language or other, spoken in the diamond fields or some other centre. Rev. G. Tyamzashe, who was in Kimberley in the 1870's, makes short comparative studies of Xhosa and So-

enumerates other languages spoken by the labourers there, and even attempts to group and classify them according to their grammatical structure.

This interest in languages results in a critical study of the Xhosa renderings of the Scriptures. There are numerous articles discussing even the translations of words like "Alas!" A discussion of the Xhosa equivalent for the word "conscience" results in a protracted controversy over several issues of *ISIGIDIMI*, in which the participants discuss not only the derivations of the words suggested, but also the meanings of the equivalents in other languages.

But perhaps the most interesting of these controversies is that over the word "*Thixo*". Vimbe questions the use of this word for the Supreme Being. He argues that if there is only one God, as the Scriptures claim, he should have one name only, and that name should be found in the language in which the Scriptures were originally written, that is Hebrew. The word *Thixo*, he says correctly, is a Khoisan ("Hottentot") word for a certain insect, and that the Xhosa people, copying the Khoikhoi, use it as a swear word when they sneeze! There are many participants in this controversy, some of whom are scandalized. The participants show an amazingly wide knowledge of languages. The words *Jehovah*, *Theos*, *Deus* and others are freely discussed. One writer reveals especial erudition. He shows how words even in a given language change their meaning. Among other examples, he cites the English word *cattle*. According to him, this word in Elizabethan English meant *belongings*. Then later on, the form *chattels* came into being, indicating *lifeless possessions*, as against live ones. After criticizing Vimbe, he concludes his article encouragingly with a poem beginning:

*"I aim not to quench any glimmering light
In this land of shadows and darkness;
I deride not the light of a flickering star
When the sun and the moon are no more.*

*There being no light from the sun and the moon,
I will hail the lone star of evening,
And the flash of the floating fire-fly—
Little bird that glows in the night."*

JURIE TAAIMAN'S REVOLUTION

JOHN TANN

THE country was as flat as a map, and Jurie Taaiman could see five miles from the seat of the Caterpillar tractor which he worked day in and day out, all winters, pulling a great maize harvester.

This winter the restlessness which was in the district brought no new feeling among the harvesters which farmer Fourie had hired. They were Jurie Taaiman, the driver, owner, and operator of this machinery, and his two men, Nathan and Sam, to whom Jurie never spoke except to give orders and who never spoke to each other except to impart vital information:

"This is where we sleep tonight."

"Uh . . . Food?"

"They bought meat today. Ready?"

"Yes."

Then they would go for a drink of water, or back to the machine, or to sleep.

Beyond the fence, away from the field in which the big machine was working, Jurie Taaiman could see that things were not simple. A gang of fifty harvesters was not easy to keep in order. The women had their babies to attend to, every time they returned to the beginning of the field. The youths were constantly brawling. There were two tall ones in bright yellow shirts whom Jurie had often noticed in the last few days. Now they were standing in the short grass of the headland, arguing with the farmer. Even if their voices had been raised, as the farmer's was, Jurie would not have heard them over the roar of his tractor. Like his men, mounted on the machine, Jurie was cut off from most human sounds. The African women in the next field sang as they worked and as they trailed along the path to their huts at the half-dark end of each day, but Jurie had not heard these songs since he was a child. He had forgotten the unmechanical time.

Jurie Taaiman tolerated the folly of those farmers who still employed gangs of men, women and boys for the harvest. It gave him satisfaction to watch the slow toil of the people, and to think contemptuously of their labours. There were always enough men of sense, like farmer Fourie here, to hire Jurie and his quick, efficient machine.

"What do you do in the summer?" asked Fourie that night, talking to Jurie at drink-time, before they went in to eat.

"There are always late or early crops somewhere, if a man goes to look for them. I've taken some as early as January. Sometimes I go down to the Cape, though, to cut hay."

Jurie did not explain that he spent his midsummers in Cape Town itself, in much the same way as a foreign sailor would spend leave in this port. He boarded up somewhere, drank, and amused himself with women. In mid-January or so, if his money held until then, he would hitch-hike back to his brother's farm to recover the machinery and the two men he had laid up there.

Jurie Taaiman was not a ready talker, not even a very good listener, and did not attend much to Fourie's stories about the difficulties they were having in the district with their labourers.

"We have no farm gaol here, you understand, and there is no Reserve near. The main railway to Johannesburg comes through this district, and they go there to get work. Nothing seems to stop them. Last week all Van Niekerk's gang left him."

That night the two youths in yellow shirts were dismissed by Fourie's neighbour, and ordered to leave his farm. He paid them what was due to them, and they went to the station to try to buy tickets to Johannesburg. They remained there, having a 'nice time' at the home of the station porter, until the following morning. Only then did they hear the news, which surprised them as much as it did the porter.

"All the men from Van der Merwe's, Fourie's, and Smith's farms are coming here."

"Your pals from Kaalkoppen are walking. They have no carts."

"At Soutpan they are staying. They have crops there and some cattle. They will not move."

On Fourie's lands that day the harvesting continued. Jurie Taaiman, his tractor, his machine and his men, went to work before dawn as usual. It was some hours after sunrise when Jurie finally realised that there was no gang of labourers to be seen anywhere near. He did not keep looking for them, but concentrated on his work, and watched the crop as it fell before his machinery. A hare bolted across the front of the tractor, but he did not see whether the tracks had crushed it.

In the middle of the morning Jurie came to the headland again and stopped to check various points on the machine. His men went to the bushes for privacy and Jurie looked carefully at the belts, at some greas cups, and at the troublesome gears of one of

the conveyors. The lorry in which Fourie's son had been taking grain from the machine to the farm drew up beside Jurie's tractor. Fourie himself got out of the lorry, leaving its engine stopped, and came to speak to Jurie Taaiman.

"Where are your kaffirs?" Fourie bawled.

When Jurie understood him he explained that they had gone into the bushes to relieve themselves. They would be back when Jurie wanted to start.

"Are you sure now, man! Are you sure now, man!" shouted Fourie, and began to tell Jurie what had happened. He explained that there had been some sort of strike, on the next farm. More than that, a walk-out. His own staff were gone—not merely stayed away from work. The compound was empty. Apparently they had all gone to the station, where they were trying to buy tickets to Johannesburg. They had announced that, if they could not go to Johannesburg, they would go anywhere else rather than back to these farms. Fourie had gone there to try to talk to his "boys", but they were not interested.

"As far as labour is concerned, this district has had it," declared Fourie. "I've seen it coming for a long time."

Fourie was speaking almost against silence now, for they had walked away from the tractor and the machine in order to talk.

Jurie Taaiman looked troubled, but not angry. This was newspaper news, he thought, and probably not very important. To Fourie he said:

"Don't worry, man, my machine will get your crop in. It can work at night and speed it up a bit, if you like."

Fourie looked at Jurie for a moment, then at the machine standing idle at the edge of the harvest.

"Where are your kaffirs?" Fourie asked again.

Jurie looked. The pedestals on the machine were empty; they were not there. He looked along the headland: they were not coming along. He walked to the machine and round it and round the tractor, whose hooter he sounded twice. He thought of their names, turned off the engine of the tractor, and called them. Nathan and Sam did not come.

Jurie Taaiman stood by the seat of his silent tractor. He looked at the vast fields of maize about him. He could see the white rich harvest for miles on every side. Here and there were clusters of trees with the iron roofs of houses shining through. From some of the chimneys there was smoke coming. A cloud

hellowed, and Jurie realised that the sound must have come a long way. He saw Fourie standing on the ground below him, watching with a puzzled and worried face, waiting.

Suddenly a tremendous excitement overcame Jurie Taaiman. He shouted, took off his hat and waved it around, stamped his foot on the hard metal of the tractor and then vaulted over the side, over the tracks, to face Fourie below.

"It's our land, man! It's our land." He was elated, and Fourie's face brightened at this elation.

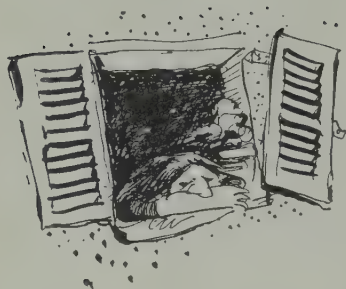
"We can work it. We can work it with the machine. In America they can do it! They work the land themselves with the machines, and we'll do it too. This is your crop. We'll take it. What are you waiting for?"

Fourie shook Jurie by the hand. Jurie clapped him on the back. The lunacy seized them both, and they called Fourie's son out of the lorry to share their joy. Jurie took them eagerly to the machine, and explained what had to be done. Fourie thought he could do the two jobs together, and mounted in excitement to try, while his son returned to the lorry.

"We'll try, anyway, we'll try," Fourie shouted, and Jurie, springing up onto the tractor, waved a vigorous arm.

They roared off to a fine start, Jurie steering the tractor and looking back and waving encouragement to the others. Fourie was intent as a child with a new toy, and a little careful of what to do, but the machine settled down to its steady pace. They could see the stalks falling and being carried up the conveyors under the farmer's eyes. Soon the grain streaming into the lorry had filled it. Fourie cut off the stream and signalled. His son drove off, hooting a message of triumph, to deposit the new load. Jurie Taaiman, full of pride, waved again to Fourie. He had not bothered to look about him, and he did not see the thin line of figures assembling at the edge of the neighbouring field. The colour of the uniforms of the police was easy to distinguish, and Jurie did not know that in the dull days coming they would always be there.

When Nathan and Sam eventually attracted Jurie's attention, he did not greet them.



BOOK REVIEWS

Central African Witness, by Cyril Dunn, African Correspondent
'*The Observer*', 1954-58. Published by Victor Gollancz Ltd., London
1959. 250 pp. 21s. 6d.

UNLIKE most books on Africa by journalists, this is the work of an expert. Cyril Dunn probably knew as much about race politics in the Federation (before '*The Observer*' transferred him to India) as anyone else there. What he lacked in years of residence, he made up for in acute perception and sheer journalistic efficiency.

Dunn admits that there is no easy dividing line between pro-Federation and anti-Federation. "It is one of the peculiarities of the Central African situation," he writes, "that arguments against the federal idea by those who are capable of thinking about it with detachment has always been hesitant. Among the liberals of the Western world . . . there is still a marked willingness to give the Federation a chance . . . The white settlers of Central Africa have the support of these unlikely and most valuable allies for one reason above all others. It is because they believe that this region has become the setting for a great experiment in race relations . . ."

In his careful, deceptively restrained style, Dunn begins by quoting the Federation's High Commissioner in Pretoria rejecting "the false idea of the Federation as a sort of laboratory set up to conduct novel experiments in race relations." Item by item, he then proceeds to put together the record of partnership, including the pre-Federation days when Africans were on the way to becoming the majority in the Legislative Council of Northern Rhodesia and when Nyasaland Africans were comforted by the British Government's "historic pronouncement" that in British African countries the interests of the Africans should

paramount and that, if and when these interests and those of the immigrant races came into conflict, the former should prevail. This latter statement, says Dunn, threw white settlers in the two northern territories into a state of alarm and they "at once began to urge union upon the all-white settler's government in the South."

Dunn's view of the white way of life in the Federation is not one to endear him to the average white (churlish reviews of his book testify to this), but he is gentle in his wit. "The first figure to attract the bewildered attention," he writes, "is, more often than not, a most noticeable policeman. Usually young, large and handsome, he wears the standard shirt and shorts of superbly laundered khaki drill, but, with this uniform, boots and leggings of polished brown leather. The effect is not only odd, as of a warrior heavily armoured from the knees down and otherwise half-naked; it is disturbing, too. One fancies that a man thus accoutred would have commended himself to the late Mussolini, for service in the African section of his Praetorian Guard." Or: "In Salisbury . . . in the late afternoon (there) are young English housewives, hatless and pleasantly dowdy in woollen cardigans, with none of the skin-tight metallic smartness of white womanhood in Johannesburg. They carry library books and drift, gossiping, towards afternoon tea. With them sometimes are schoolboys of immense size, wearing grey trilbies with the school colours banded round them. These are boys so highly trained in the forms of politeness that they take their hats off even when they go into shops. Nor is the spirit of reckless, pioneering adventure dead in them, if one is to judge by the number going about with one or other of their limbs in plaster casts; girls, too."

Dunn also gives his Central African Glossary of Political Terms, "as Congress Africans believe they are being interpreted":

Racialist: Any African who thinks that Africans ought to be the dominant group in Central Africa.

Non-racialist: Any European who thinks that Europeans ought to be the dominant group in Central Africa.

Responsible African: Any African who consistently supports the European point of view.

Irresponsible African: Any African who campaigns in what he conceives to be the interests of his own people.

The illusion of the Federation, says Dunn, is that "on a basis of rigid racial segregation they could build a multi-racial sanc-

tuary." Around this illusion, Federation politics have revolved consistently, beginning with the 1949 Victoria Falls conference to consider Central Africa's future "to which not one black man was invited." Some Rhodesian reviewers of Dunn's book have made the point that, compared with South Africa, the Federation is undeniably moving in an opposite direction. It is an accurate observation, at least when the apartheid and partnership theories are put side by side, but it is not a relevant one. What matters is not that Afrikaner Nationalists are dissatisfied with the direction the Federation is moving in (since the Nyasaland upheaval they have become more hopeful), but that the Africans in the Federation are completely up in arms about it.

The dilemma of Federation politics, as Dunn puts it in reference to Lennox-Boyd, is that "the blacks fear that he means to abandon them; the whites fear that he will do nothing of the kind." Essentially, this is Sir Roy Welensky's dilemma: how to mollify British public opinion and yet rally the enthusiastic support of the white electorate in the Federation by being in constant controversy with the British Government.

Two chapters in particular make fascinating reading: on the Copperbelt, and on Garfield Todd's expulsion—that "long and volatile day in February, 1958," when the first blow was struck "in the planned murder of Central African liberalism." Dunn was an eye-witness of this particular episode, and his account is one of the most devastating things ever written about the Federation. To complete the picture, he examines just how "liberal" Mr. Todd had been as Prime Minister (in his dealings with the African National Congress, "he rarely did anything with which even a life member of the Segregation Society could disagree").

Central African Witness is indispensable reading for anyone seriously interested in Central African affairs—or in African affairs generally, because Dunn pays intelligent attention to some of the basic problems of African development: whether education comes before the vote, or vice versa, and why "it is arrogant for us to suppose that a purely Western way of life must and will predominate in Africa." It is a fair book, sensitively written. And it answers, clearly and without hesitation, the question whether the Federation can be granted Dominion Status while Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland continue under the present constitutional systems. The answer is: No.

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